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[For the Register.]

HUMANITY.

Humanity! we are each and all parts of it, yet how far removed; how powerless to change its destiny. Its tide sweeps on. Individuals and generations, communities and nations are engulfed by it; still it sweeps onward, ever, irresistible, relentless, till we finally come to regard it almost with the indifference of disinterested observers. We look out upon it, as from an observatory upon a dark and tempestuous sea, over which we have no power, either to cheer its darkness or calm its troubled waves. We see the noble enterprise of youth, the well matured plans of manhood, and the experienced wisdom of age, equally baffled in their efforts for good to man; we see the generous purposes of the patriot, the holy desires of the philanthropist, and the pious wishes of the Christian, all wrecked, when nearest perhaps the hoped-for haven of safety and success. We see wave after wave overwhelm in its course friends, that are parts of our very lives, enterprises and plans as dear to us as the light. We see it all so frequently, we gaze so constantly upon the dark heaving mass, that it no longer makes an impression; we cease to realize it; we forget that we ourselves are parts of it; as individuals we feel secure, and from our weakness irresponsible for what is passing, and what we irresolute suffer to pass.

Such is our view of the apparent state of humanity; but thank God, though there is much in it which is real, there is yet more which is only apparent. So far as it is real, we are excusable for our indifference, which is strictly philosophical; but the greater part of it must be attributed to selfishness which is inactive and nonresistant. Selfishness never yet achieved its first degree in greatness of any kind; it never raised or advanced humanity. Still what cannot be helped, it is wise to allow and endure; but for our encouragement we should remember, that the fall of an apple changes the centre of the universe.

A retrospect of humanity will instruct and encourage even the most indifferent and desponding. The scene is a grand and a fearful one—a waste extending far back into the shades of night, which the morning sun of creation long since has passed and relinquished to the dominion of darkness and antiquity. Dim and indefinite are the glimpses we can catch of humanity there. So far as we can surmise all is violence and tumult. Like the primitive earth, humanity too had its period of force and volcanic action; like that, it was in itself destructive of any and every form it might for a time take. Form was only as a bubble on a boiling cauldron, that bursts to make room for another. Agitation and destruction were the only conservative principles of this period, of which we can know so little with certainty. But even here, in all this strife and violence, we can with a Christian faith see elements of good to man. We can believe that humanity by this severe trial and fiery ordeal, was purified of much of its dross; that it was thus refined and prepared for the brighter period that was dawning.

But to advance on the great sea before us, and to come down to the confines of dawning day, the certain light of history and of fact but reveals to us horrors, which before we could not imagine. What darker picture could be presented with the arch-fiend for a designer, than history presents of humanity? Lust of power, emolument, indulgence on the part of rulers; ignorance, corruption, debasement, slavery on the part of the ruled, are its summary. A solitary light rises once perhaps in a hundred years, like a meteor, from the corruption of earth, like that momentarily to die away, to leave the world again in moral darkness. Nation is everywhere armed against nation. You or I, is the universal summary. Your loss is my gain, your destruction my growth, your death my life, is the prevailing philosophy; an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, the religion; and revenge to the death, the morality.

This period, bad as we see it, is in advance of the former,—less tumultuous, less destructive. It is the transition period of humanity. Concretion is gradually taking place. Form is becoming more permanent. The debris of former ages are reforming. The solid foundations of society are being laid. Stability is beginning to prevail. Empires are established. The arts are cultivated. Some degree of refinement is attended to. Civilization dawns, political freedom, the precursor of coming day, is established. Education becomes more general. The avenues of knowledge are more open. The dumb oracles of heathenism even speak of good to come, foretell a new order of events and of ages soon to commence. The true prophets of God point with significance to the rainbow of promise, reflected from the dark and overshadowing clouds. They prophesy peace, goodness, justice. In all things there is promise of something better, of a new and a brighter day, about to rise upon humanity.

The promise of the past is at length fulfilled. The Sun of righteousness rises over the dark and desolate wastes of humanity. They can at first but faintly reflect the mild radiance of its beams. Still higher it rises, and as it rises, dispels the gloom and horrors of the past, and of the future ever gives new hopes and promise. God's ways are not as man's ways. Centuries and millenniums are his moments, and revolutions and epochs are their indices on the dial-plate of time. Our existence is as nought, and a point of time in which we can make no valuable observation on the scheme and purposes of God. We can learn this only, to trust and to wait, that in his own good time, his purposes, which are wise, will all be fulfilled. Then will humanity, which still has dark storms brooding over its sunlit surface, which still bears the elements of strife in its bosom, finally come off triumphant. Powers are already at work, which will one day heave it like the giant mountains of earth into the pure empyrean,—fixed, firm and everlasting. Christianity is doing this by purifying the affections and cultivating the hearts of men; by allaying violence and self-destruction; by revealing to man his dignity and his destiny, the worth of the human soul, its power, its capacity for enjoyment. Education is doing this by cultivating the intellects and enlightening the understandings of men; by teaching them their best interests, and how to secure them; by showing them their true relation to each other, and to the universe. Mechanism with the power of her own lever is doing this, by exercising the wits and ingenuities of men; by busying their hands in profitable labors; by giving them the refined and refining comforts of a peaceful life.

Humanity then has every thing to hope, and nothing to fear. Its course, though more quiet, is as irresistible and more progressive than when tumultuous and violent. We too are interested in its progress. We each and all may help it on. The humblest effort will be felt. But sit we still, or lend we a helping hand, it will move upward and onward. Than that this is God's purpose nothing is clearer. H. M.

[For the Register.]

PROFESSOR STUART UPON THE TRINITY.

In the last Bibliotheca Sacra, page 44, Professor Stuart says:—"At all events we challenge a single instance of the application in the New Testament of the name Theos to any individual, excepting to God and Christ, or to the Holy Spirit. There is no accommodation here. The usage is uniform." These are the Professor's precise words. Can it be that he has forgotten the remarkable passage, (John x. 35,) "If he called them gods unto whom the word of God came;" a passage expressly contradicting his brave assertion, because the very word "Theos" is used in both parts: "if he called them Theous," the Jews of course, human beings who were only too human in their weaknesses and transgressions?

But, a worse statement occurs at page forty-ninth. "Yet, that spiritual homage, prayer and praise are spoken of as directed and given to Christ—lies also on the face of the New Testament writings." The first passage cited in proof of this position is the twenty-fourth verse, first chapter of Acts, "Thou Lord who knowest the hearts:" where Prof. Stuart begs the question by ascribing to Jesus what was a prayer to God, misled by the name "Lord," which, in the twenty-sixth verse of fourth chapter of Acts, certainly applies to the Father: "gathered together against the Lord, and against his Christ. For of a truth, against THY holy child," &c.

The last passage cited by the Prof., is Revelations fifth, "the most magnificent and ample of all that is said in any one place of the worship and glorification of Christ." Then the question is settled in a word, for the song of heavenly thanksgiving is, "Thou art worthy (worthy of supreme adoration? No) to take the book and to open the seals thereof: FOR, thou wast SLAIN, (who shall dare address this to the ever-living Jehovah?) and hast redeemed us *to God* by thy blood." And again, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"—most worthy, we may respond, of all our gratitude, obedience and love. But, shall we venture more than these under the direction of Prof. Stuart, when the infallible Teacher commands: "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only;"—"When thou prayest, pray to thy Father;"—"After this manner, therefore, pray ye, Our Father";—"How much more shall your Father give good things to those that ask him;"—"The hour cometh and now is when the true worshippers shall worship the Father;—"Whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name;"—"In that day ye shall ask me nothing?" Surely, these declarations are so clear, unqualified, and convincing, sustained as they are by our Saviour's own conduct, and by the uniform custom of his Apostles, that we may well thank God for this our fullness of faith, our undivided adoration of Him, "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," to whom Paul declared that he bowed his knees. We should like to know Prof. Stuart's opinion of Revelations xxii. 9, where the angel, who is generally taken to be Jesus, expressly forbids the worship John would have offered, saying, "See thou do it not: worship God." Where then is the proof from the "face of the New Testament" of the adoration of the Son of God? H.

A VISIT TO DR. CHANNING.

At a time like this we feel an irrepressible desire for the calm, deep, eloquent wisdom of a voice like Channing's to lift us above the wretched compromises with principle that are so often proposed under the dangerous name of expediency. There may be expedients for the day, but there can be no permanent expediency, no pedestal broad enough to uphold a nation's prosperity, but that which rests on the Rock of ages. As our thoughts are carried to Channing we can hardly help pouring out to him the words of Wordsworth's sonnet to Milton.

"Thou shouldst be living at this hour;
For we have need of thee. . . .
. . . We are selfish men,
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was as a star and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heaven, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

The passage we give below is from an old number of the Daily Advertiser; though it originally appeared in the Liverpool Albion:—

And why need I have sighed over the past! In this city of Providence I waited only for the vessel which was to carry me to the feet of one who is since dead and yet still lives; whose form we shall see no more, but whose voice shall live with our language; whose worth and genius belong to no nation and to no creed, but are the property of all mankind; whose name the world knows—William Ellery Channing.

It was about noon that I reached his house, about five miles distant from Newport, in Rhode Island, and crossed the threshold of the neat and tasteful villa, which had long been his summer residence. I was ushered into a small but comfortable apartment, the walls of which were partially covered with pictures and book-cases.—During the brief interval, I began to imagine the face and manner of one whom I had always looked upon through such a medium as that of his works, and to think how far my high standard should be lowered, as I might expect it should be. He came; he saw; he twice conquered. I found in the mild, soft glance of the eye, the sunken cheek, the delicate outline of face, and the invalid character of its whole *contour*, the man of refinement and the scholar, chastened by a spirituality which cannot be described. His manner, as might be expected, to one almost a stranger, was comparatively constrained at first, but this quickly disappeared, and I could only remark a certain articulate and deliberate mode of speaking which seemed habitual to him. His voice was clear and well modulated, and unusually free from provincial or natural accent or intonation. When his first salutation was over he commenced asking me a number of questions, to many of which I was unable to reply. He would then make his own remarks upon their subjects, and show how wide his mind travelled for the honey it was storing up for others. It was his pleasure to speak, it was my privilege to hear, while for more than an hour, he elicited, from my brief replies, thoughts whose utterance were singly, worth a lifetime of many minds. England, Scotland, and Ireland; their inhabitants might have been his brothers; he knew the wrongs of each, episcopal, political, and social, and prophesied their speedy removal. He might have lived in the old world I could not think while he spoke how he could have been thought repulsive by any one who had seen him, and talked with him even for ten minutes. With one feature in his conversation I was much struck. It was in the quiet politeness with which, after lengthened sentences, he paused, so as to give time for any remark or reply; and yet, if it was not made, to resume, without seeming to suspend the thread of the discourse. This seemed to have become quite involuntary with him.

He invited me to walk round his garden, and we went slowly round, as he pointed out the different plants and the peculiarities of climate and growth connected with each. We paced frequently an avenue confined on either side by tall hedges, and covered with grass under foot. his frequent and favorite walk. I thought of the lettered Pliny and his elegant villa at Laurentinium, with its sheltered walks, with soft acanthus and clustering vines. A nobler than Pliny was here; a man whose serene and steady soul had batuled with the wronged and fought for the right; which had not talked much to the world in books, and had yet breathed winged words. Napoleon, stripped of his false and fleeting glories; war, laid with its bleeding trophies, shamed by the marble whiteness, on the altar of christianity; the toiling masses of his countrymen, elevated by his noble maxims, and cheered by his hopeful words, glided in rapid succession through my mind. Reader, I cherish the memory of that hour, not as the picture of what is past, but as an ever-present and enduring gift, upon which, as upon a talisman, I can often look in the midst of the ordinary pursuits of life, and rise up refreshed and elevated.

The sound of the dinner-bell summoned us to the house, and I found a long table surrounded by Dr. Channing's relatives and friends. He himself was as gentle and polite a host as I ever remembered, and the conversation assumed all the playful and agreeable tone of a social and intelligent circle. Little could the heart have made the sorrowful prophecy that he would have been taken from them and the world so soon. Just as we had finished dinner a gentleman was announced who was going to Europe, and had called to bid Dr. Channing farewell. We both saw him for the last time.

In his death and the blank he has left behind, we see the importance of the station he held as a citizen of the United States. What were the highest statesman in the country to him, with his purity of character and purpose! Armed with this weapon, he freely and fearlessly attacked them, and State secretaries and cabinet ministers quailed before one who was greater than them all. A single citizen may be said to have prevented the dimming of his country's stars, by adding one, which, in the annexation of Texas, sought to crown its deeds of high-handed robbery with perfect impunity. Slaveholding statesmen, in a slavery abjuring Republic, trembled before his searching words, as he wrote in all the spirit of Christianity, and separated the owner from the slave; the hideous system from its double victim, the master and his serf. That living voice, quickened in its action by his life and example, will rest neither day nor night; but with all the power of truth and the influence of importunity, will yet perform its office in a successful efforts of all good men to redeem the rights of humanity and the honor of their country.

PRAYERS BY JEREMY TAYLOR.

A SHORT PRAYER TO BE SAID EVERY MORNING

O ALMIGHTY God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the God of mercy and comfort,—with reverence and fear, with humble confidence and strong desires, I approach to the throne of grace, begging of thee mercy and protection, pardon and salvation. O my God, I am a sinner, but sorrowful and repenting; those art justly offended at me, but yet thou art my Lord and my Father, merciful and gracious. Be pleased to blot all my sins out of thy remembrance, and heal my soul, that I may never any more sin against thee. Lord open my eyes that I may see my own infirmities, and watch against them; and my own follies, that I may amend them; and be pleased to give me perfect understanding in the way of godliness, that I may walk in it all the days of my pilgrimage. Give me a spirit diligent in the works of my calling, cheerful and zealous in religion, fervent and frequent in my prayers, charitable and useful in my conversation; give me a healthful and a chaste body, a pure and a holy soul, a sanctified and an humble spirit; and let my body and soul and spirit be preserved unblamable to the coming of the Lord Jesus. Amen.

II.

Blessed by the name, O God, and blessed be thy mercies, who hast preserved me this night from sin and sorrow, from sad chances, and a violent death, from the malice of the devil, and the evil effects of my own corrupted nature and infirmity. The outgoings of the morning and evening shall praise thee, and thy servants shall rejoice in giving thee praise for the operation of thy hands. Let thy providence and care watch over me this day, and all my whole life, that I may never be against thee by idleness or folly, by evil company or private sins, by word or deed, by thought or desire; and let the employment of my day leave no sorrow, or the remembrance of an evil conscience at night: but let it be holy and profitable, blessed and always innocent; that when the days of my short abode are done, and the shadow is departed, I may die in thy fear and favour, and rest in a holy hope, and at last return to the joys of a blessed resurrection, through Jesus Christ: in whose name, and in whose words in behalf of myself, and all my friends, and all thy servants, I humbly and heartily pray, Our Father, &c.

A PRAYER FOR THE EVENING.

ETERNAL God, Almighty Father of men and angels, by whose care and providence I am preserved and blessed, comforted and assisted, I humbly beg of thee to pardon the sins and follies of this day, the weaknesses of my services, and the strength of my passions, the rashness of my words, and the vanity and evil of my actions. O just and dear God, how long shall I confess my sins, and pray against them, and yet fall under them? O let it be so no more; let me never return to the follies of which I am ashamed, which bring sorrow and death, and thy displeasure, worse than death. Give me a command over my evil inclinations, and a perfect hatred of sin, and a love to thee above all the desires of this world. Be pleased to bless and preserve me this night, from all sin, and all violence of chance, and the malice of the spirits of darkness: watch over me in my sleep; and whether I sleep or wake, let me be thy servant. Be thou first and last in all my thoughts, and the guide and continual assistance of all my actions. Preserve my body, pardon the sin of my soul, and sanctify my spirit; let me always live holily and justly, and soberly: and, when I die, receive my soul into thy hands, O holy and ever-blessed Jesus;—that I may lie in thy bosom, and long for thy coming, and hear thy blessed sentence at doomsday, and behold thy face, and live in thy kingdom, singing praises to God for ever and ever. Amen.

Our Father, &c.

"NOT TO MYSELF ALONE."

[Can any of our readers inform us of the authorship of the following striking and beautiful lines? They have done some service in a Sermon, and have gained many friends that would be glad to refer them to their originator.]

"Not to myself alone,"
The little opening flower transported cries,
"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes;
The bee comes sipping, every eventide,
His dainty fill;
The butterfly within my cup doth hide
From threatening ill.

"Not to myself alone,"
The circling star with honest pride doth boast—
"Not to myself alone I rise and set;
I write upon night's coronal of jet
His power and skill who formed our myriad host;
A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,
I gem the sky,
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,
His home on high."

"Not to myself alone,"
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum—
"Not to myself alone from flower to flower
I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,
And to the hive at evening weary come;
For man, for man the luscious food I pile
With busy care,
Content if this repay my ceaseless toil—
A scanty share."

"Not to myself alone,"
The soaring bird with lusty pinion sings—
"Not to myself alone I raise my song;
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;
I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
And God adore;
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
And sing and soar."

"Not to myself alone,"
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way—
"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;
I scatter health and life on every side,
And strew the fields with herb and flow'ret gay.
I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
My gladsome tune;
I sweeten and refresh the languid air
In droughty June."

"Not to myself alone"—
O man, forget not thou, earth's honored priest!
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart—
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part;
Chiefest of guests at love's ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard, spurn thy nature's creed,
And self disown;
Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,
Not to thyself alone.

THE LOSS OF HEALTH.

We extract the following account of the cumulative effect of errors in diet, and of other transgressions of the laws of our physical constitution, from the last annual address before the Massachusetts Medical Society, by Dr. Edward Jarvis. The entire address is excellently written, but we commend the following extract to the particular attention of our readers. If they would preserve a healthy mind in a healthy body, let them avoid the errors, which Dr. Jarvis points out.

With the merchant, the effect of small and repeated pecuniary losses in accumulative; and, however little they may attract attention, yet, after many repetitions, for a long period, they compel him to feel them in the diminution of his capital, perhaps in embarrassment. So, the consequences of errors in the management of life accumulate; and, at last, are felt in the slackened energies, perhaps in failure in some of the functions, in some marked debility, or acknowledged disease.

The unfortunate merchant may refer his embarrassment to some recent loss, to some absconding debtor, or to some shipwreck or fire; but if his estate had not been impaired by his previous and repeated losses, which had been individually too small for his notice, the last and perceptible loss might perhaps have been easily borne.

So, the man who, however slightly but perseveringly, errs in diet, at last becomes dyspeptic. He may not be a gourmand, yet he may be rather a free or merely a careless liver, and eat that which is not digested with perfect ease, or he may consume a little more food than his nutrition requires; he may repeat this for months, perhaps for years, without feeling any especial inconvenience. But after a long period, he begins to feel somewhat oppressed after his meals, and his oppression gradually increases, yet so slowly that he hardly recognizes its advancement, and refers it to no assignable cause. Yet, at last, he is compelled to see and acknowledge the connection between his diet and his suffering; and then he wonders that his free or thoughtless habits of living, which had been harmless and agreeable, should now become oppressive and injurious.

Some farmers, mechanics, and other laborers, overtask their muscular systems during the early and middle periods of life. They work twelve, thirteen, fourteen, and some more, hours a day, and expend more power in each day than they regain in the night. They continually overdraw their income of strength, and expend from their capital; until, at last, they can no longer make this extraordinary exertion; and then they are obliged to select lighter employments, for, before they are old in years, they are decrepit in power, because they have expended their capital of life too early.

In like manner, the ambitious student may overstep the average power of his brain, and give a little more time daily to his mental labor, than his nervous system can bear; or exhaust so much nervous energy in the operations of the mind, that there is not enough left to sustain the physical functions. He may carry on this exhaustive process for years, without seeming to suffer, until the accumulated consequences of his repeated errors become perceptible; and then he is manifestly an invalid, perhaps dyspeptic, and his brain is unable to do its accustomed work.

When any one dwells in the foul air of some jails, or of the houses of some of the poor, where whole families occupy a single apartment, or of the rooms of others who admit no fresh air; or when he accustoms himself to breathe the exhausted air of some crowded shops, or lecture rooms, no perceptible injury is at first felt, nor even any great inconvenience, except the discomfort of unpleasant sensations, and some oppression; and even these seem to cease by the blunting of the sensibilities, and then he can live in such rooms, or work in such shops, or frequent such assembly rooms, without being conscious of suffering any injury. But, after a long period, the evil consequences of breathing impure air reveal themselves. The skin loses its ruddy hue, the muscles lose some of their natural hardness and contractility, the mental faculties are less clear, and the moral powers weaker; the functions are carried on with less energy, and the body is more susceptible of diseases, especially those of the adynamic order: and, moreover, for want of recuperative energy, all disorders are overcome with more difficulty, injuries are healed with less ease, and sometimes they break out afresh, after they have been once cured.

In these and in similar cases, the production of vital force is gradually diminished, or the expenditure of power is gradually increased; and, in either way, it is manifest that the tone of the constitution is lowered.

In all these cases, the effect corresponds to the cause. They hold an exact relation to each other, but no relation to the amount of vitality with which they are connected. As the removal of the first grain of sand from a mountain diminishes, by so much, the weight of the immeasurable mass, as certainly as it would diminish the weight of the tiniest mole-hill, so the first slight error in diet of the robust man overtasked his digestive powers, the first hour's excess of toil overtaxed the strength of the stout farmer, the first hour's study by the midnight lamp impaired the health of the vigorous student, the first privation of the accustomed and needful sleep reduced the vital energies of the buoyant youth, and the first respiration of vitiated air failed in some degree to remove the waste from the blood—all these errors, so slight, perhaps, that they were not noticed nor deemed worth considering in comparison with the power of endurance, yet all were followed by their natural and proportionate consequences of evil, as certainly as the last in the series, which was followed by gastrodynia, debility, headache, or languor.

In these and all other errors in the management of the human constitution, there is, from the beginning, a departure from the original standard of health, by degrees so small, and by processes so slow, that their measure is rather to be calculated than determined by observation; and it is only after a long series of these departing steps, when their effects on the body have accumulated, that they can be recognized. But the very first step in this wayward course, though infinitely small, was, to that extent, disease, disorder, or debility, certainly a failure of the fulness of life.

There is in man a large vital capital to be expended, a large power of endurance that may be exhausted in wrong management; and, therefore, he does not regard his errors, nor perceive his losses. But all undue expenditure is none the less a loss, and all endurance is weakening; end the day of reckoning and suffering, sooner or later, inevitably comes. The consequences grow out of and hang upon the causes, and they cannot be separated.

It is plain, then, that the separation of perfect health from acknowledged sickness is not by a distinct and narrow line, on one side of which, all is soundness, and on the other, indisputable disease. But, between perfect health—as good as the original constitution admits—and recognized disease, there is a wide space, a sort of neutral or disputed ground occupied in part by both, and exclusively claimed by neither.

THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

We copy the following fine description of what woman should be from "Woman in America: her Work and her Reward, by Maria J. McIntosh,"—a little book which we gladly recommend to all young ladies, for its spirited portraitures, its uncommon good sense and its Christian spirit. The book is for sale by Crosby & Nichols.

It may be objected that all our descriptions of the fashionable woman as she is, relates to externals; that of the essential character, the inner life, we have, in truth, said noting. But what can we do? So far as we have yet been able to discover, this class is destitute of any inner life. Those who compose it live for the world and in the world. Home is with them only the place in which they receive visits. We acknowledge that few in our country have yet attained to so perfect a development of fashionable character as we have here described; but to some it is already an attainment; to many—we fear to *most*, young women of whatare called the higher classes in our large cities—it is an aim. Nobler spirits there are, indeed, among us, of every age and every class, and from these we must choose our example of a woman of fashion as she should be. On her, too, we will bestow a name—a name associated with all gentle and benignant influences—the name of her who in her shaded retreats received of old the ruler of earth's proudest empire, that she might "breathe off with the holy air" of her pure affection, "that dust o' the heart" caught from contact with coarser spirits. So have we dreamed of Egeria, and Egeria shall be the name of our heroine. Heroine indeed, for heroic must be her life. With eyes uplifted to a protecting Heaven, she must walk the narrow path of right,—a precipice on either hand,—never submitting in her lowliness of soul, to the encroachments of the selfish, and eager, and clamorous crowd,—never bowing her own native nobility to the dictation of those whom the world styles great. "Resisting the proud, but giving grace unto the humble," if we may without irreverence appropriate to a mortal, words descriptive of Him whose unapproachable and glorious holiness we are exhorted to imitate.

In society, Egeria is more desirous to please than to shine. Her associates are selected mainly for their personal qualities, and if she is peculiarly attentive and deferential to any class, it is to those unfortunates whom poverty, the accidents of birth, or the false arrangements of society, have divorced from a sphere for which their refinement of taste and manner and their intellectual cultivation had fitted them. Admission to her society is sought as a distinction, because it is known that it must be purchased by something more than a graceful address, a well-curled mustache, or the reputation of a travelled man. At her entertainments, you will often meet some whom you will meet nowhere else; some promising young artist, yet unknown to fame,—some who, once standing in the sunshine of fortune, were well known to many whose vision is too imperfect for the recognition of features over which adversity has thrown its shadow The influence of Egeria is felt through the whole circle of her acquaintance;—she encourages the young to high aims and persevering efforts,—she brightens the fading light of the aged, but above all is she a blessing and a glory within her own home. Her husband cannot look upon her—to borrow Longfellow's beautiful thought—without "reading in the serene expression of her face, the Divine beatitude, 'Blessed are the pure in heart.'" Her children revere her as the earthly type of perfect love. They learn even more from her example than her precept, that they are to live not to themselves, but to their fellow-creatures, and to God in them. She has so cultivated their taste for all which is beautiful and noble, that they cannot but desire to conform themselves to such models. She has taught them to love their country and devote themselves to its advancement—not because it excels all others, but because it is that to which God in his providence unite them, and whose advancement and true interest they are bound to seek by all just and Christian methods. In a word, she has never forgotten that they were immortal and responsible beings, and this thought has reappeared in every impression she has stamped upon their minds.

But it is her conduct towards those in a social position inferior to her own, which individualizes most strongly the character of Egeria. Remembering that there are none who may not, under our free institutions, attain to positions of influence and responsibility, she endeavors, in all her intercourse with them, to awaken their self-respect and desire for improvement, and she is ever ready to aid them in the attainment of that desire, and thus to fit them for the performance of those duties that may devolve on them.

"Are you not afraid that Bridget will leave you, if, by your lessons, you fit her for some higher position?" asked a lady, on finding her teaching embroidery to a servant who had shown much aptitude for it.

"If Bridget can advance her interest by leaving me, she shall have my cheerful consent to go. God forbid that I should stand in the way of good to any fellow-creature—above all, to one whom, by placing her under my temporary protection, he has made it especially my duty to serve," was her reply.

In the general ignorance and vice of the population daily pouring into our country from foreign lands, Egeria finds new reason for activity, in the moral and intellectual advancement of all who are brought within her sphere of influence.

Egeria has been accused of being ambitious for her children. "I am ambitious for them," she replies; "ambitions that they should occupy stations that may be as a vantage-ground from which to act for the public good."

Notwithstanding this ambition, she has, to the astonishment of many in her own circle, consented that one of her sons should devote himself to mechanics. She was at first pitied for this, as a mortification to which she must certainly have been compelled, by her husband's singular notions, to submit.

"You mistake," said Egeria, to one who delicately expressed this pity to her; "my son's choice of a trade had my hearty concurrence. I was prepared for it by the whole bias of his mind from childhood. He will excel in the career he has chosen, I have no doubt; for he has abilities equal to either of his brothers, and he loves the object to which he has devoted them. As a lawyer or physician he would, probably, have but added one to the number of *mediocre* practitioners who lounge through life with no higher aim than their own maintenance."

"But then," it was objected, "he would not have sacrificed his position in society."

Egeria is human, and the sudden flush of indignation must have crimsoned the mother's brow at this; and somewhat of scorn, we doubt not, was in the smile that curled her lip as she replied, "My son can afford to lose the acquaintance of those who cannot appreciate the true nobility and independence of spirit which have made him choose a position offering, as he believes, the highest means of development for his own peculiar powers, and the greatest probability, therefore, of his becoming useful to others."

Our sketches are finished—imperfect sketches we acknowledge them. It would have been a labor of love to have rendered the last complete—to have followed the steps of Egeria—the Christian gentlewoman—through at least one day of her life; to have shown her embellishing her social circle by her graces of manner and charms of conversation, and to have accompanied her from the saloons which she thus adorned, to more humble abodes. In these abodes she was ever a welcome as well as an honored guest, for she bore thither a respectful consideration for their inmates, which is a rarer and more coveted gift to the poor than any wealth can purchase. Having done this, we would have liked to glance at her in the tranquil evening of a life well spent, and to contrast her then with Flirtilla, old beyond the power of rouge, false teeth, and false hair, to disguise—still running through a round of pleasures that have ceased to charm, regretting the past, dissatisfied with the present, and dreading the future, alternately courting and abusing the world, which has grown weary of her. But to stray into these flowery paths of imagination, would lead us too far away from a graver purpose, to which we return.

THE JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA.

We have condensed some of the more material facts in relation to the Jordan and Dead Sea from Lieut. Lynch's explorations. We are not surprised to learn that the work has a rapid sale, six editions, with an aggregate of 11,000 copies, having been published. The proceeds are most laudably devoted to the orphan children of Lieut. Dale.

Lieut. Lynch commenced his passage down the Jordan on the 10th of April, 1848, at 3.40 P. M., and on the 18th at 3.25 P. M., entered the Dead Sea. In a space of sixty miles of latitude and four or five of longitude, the Jordan was found to traverse at least 200 miles. The river was then in the latter stage of a freshet. Twenty-seven threatening rapids were passed beside many of lesser magnitude. The course on the first day, April 10th, after leaving the lake of Galilee, varied from S. to N. W. by N., the general inclination west. The current was two and half knots, and the water clear and sweet. The lake was concealed, though very near. The soil of the banks is a dark rich loam, luxuriantly covered with flowers. Large boulders of sandstone and trap are scattered over the surface. The party stopped just below the ruins of an old bridge, el-Jisr Semakh. The ruins consist of two entire and six partial abutments, and the ruins of another on each shore. The scenery, as they left the lake and advanced into the Ghor, which was here about three fourths of a mile broad, was rather of a tame than savage character. On the second night, April 11th, the party stopped near the falls and whirlpool of el-Bukah. The ruins of the village ed-Delhemiyak are near, on the right hand. At 5.40 P. M., where the river was about sixty yards wide, the village el-Abbadiyeh was passed, a miserable collection of mud huts. The average width of the river was forty yards; depth from two and a half to six feet. General course E. S. E. Nine rapids were passed, three of them terrific ones. The route of the accompanying land party, under the charge of Lieut. Dale, lay through an extensive plain, luxuriant in vegetation, and presenting in spots a rich alluvial soil. The night was a bright moonlight, the dew fell heavily and the air was chill.

On the night of April 12th, the stopping place was about 200 yards below el-Jisr Mejamia, the bridge which is on the road from the Nabulus, through Beisan, the Bethsheam of 1 Sam. 31: 10, to Damascus. The main course of the stream was S. S. W., but it was very serpentine. The party descended three very threatening and four less difficult rapids. The only tributary passed was the Yarmuk (Hieromax,) coming in from the east, nearly as wide and deep as the Jordan. The current of the latter averaged eight miles an hour. The banks were fringed with the laurestinas, the oleander, the willow and the tamarisk; on the slope of the second terrace, a small species of oak and the cedar grew. From the banks to the elevated ridges on both sides, the grass and flowers were very luxuriant and beautiful. The trap continued on both sides, with occasional interruptions of limestone, sandsone and conglomerate. Dr. Anderson visited Umkeis, near the ancient Gadara, a ride of three hours and eleven minutes. The remains of Gadara occupy an eminence, with an inconsiderable valley on the west side, and a steep descent on the north, determined by the Wady el-Yarmuk. The ruins comprise a spacious area, covered with many broken columns, a large theatre, a smaller enclosure and a necropolis. The walls may be traced very distinctly on the west, less obviously on the east. Lieut. Dale visited Beisan (Scythopolis.) "There were acres of building-stone, old walls, a theatre, etc. in good preservation. A few columns still stood in the valleys. Most of the present building seemed to be Saracenic, mills and khans." April 13th. The general course was S. by E. Three large and seven small rapids were passed. There were four islands, and one stream came in from S. E. The river averaged forty-five yards in width, four feet deep and five knots current. "There are evidently two terraces on the Jordan, and through the lowest one the river runs its labyrinthine course. From the stream, above the immediate banks, there is, on each side, a single terrace of low hills, like truncated cones, which is but the bluff terminus of an extended table land, reaching quite to the base of the mountains of Hauran on the east, and the high hills on the western side." At 3. 16. P. M., Lieut. Lynch passed a long reach in the river, the first straight line in its entire course from the lake of Galilee thus far. The land company passed patches of wheat and barley, nearly ripe. On Friday night, April 14th, the boats were anchored near Wady Yabes, leading up to the ancient Jabesh Gilead. Twelve islands were passed, all but three small. Fourteen tributary streams were noted, all but four trickling rivulets. The lower plain was covered with a luxuriant growth of wild oats, and patches of wild mustard in full flower. The hills forming the banks of the upper terrace, assumed a conical form, with sharped and angular faces. In the latter part of the day, rock was less abundant, and alluvion began to prevail. Many fish and birds were seen; among the latter, hawks, herons, pigeons, ducks, storks, bulbuls, swallows, etc. On the following night, April 15th, the party encamped a little below where Wady Rajib or 'Ajlun enters from the east. A considerable stream was running down it. The party descended ten moderate and six bad rapids; three tributaries were noted, two of them quite small, also four large and seventeen small islands. The prevailing direction of the river was south and west. The velocity of the current ran from two to eight knots; the average was about three and a half knots. The average width was fifty-six yards, and the average depth a little more than four feet. In the narrower parts the river flowed between high hills. In the morning the temperature of the air was 78°, and of the water twelve inches below the surface, 71°. The heat and the dazzling glare of the light were very oppressive. April 16th. The encampment at night was near an old Roman bridge, the ford of Damieh, where the road from Nabulus to es-Salt crosses the river. In the afternoon, a bush, lodged fifteen feet up in the branches of an overhanging tree was seen. It was deciduous, and the green leaves of the early season were upon it. It must have been lodged by a recent freshet. On the borders of the stream the vegetation became more luxuriant, and of a brighter tint; on either side, back of the river it was more parched and dull. The banks were of semi-indurated clay. The lower plain evidently became narrower, and the river often swept alternately against the hills. April 17th. The party reached the Pilgrims' ford, or the bathing-place of the Christian pilgrims, after having been fifteen hours in the boats. At 1.20 P. M., the mouth of the Jabok (ez-Zorka) was passed; it flows in from E. N. E, a small stream, trickling down a deep and wide torrent bed. The water was sweet, but the stones upon the bare exposed bank were coated with salt. There was another bed, then dry, showing that in times of freshet, there are two outlets to this tributary. April 18th, at 1. 45 P. M., the party proceeded, and at 3.25 entered the Dead Sea. At 3.12, the course was S. a long stretch, river seventy yards wide, left bank very low, covered with tamarisk, willow and cane; the right bank, was from fifteen to eighteen feet high, red clay with weeds and shrubs. At 3.16, water brackish, but no unpleasant smell; banks red clay and mud, gradually becoming lower and lower; river eighty yards wide, and fast increasing in breadth, seven feet deep, muddy bottom, current three knots; one large and two small islands at the mouth of the river. Where it enters the sea, the river was 180 yards wide and three feet deep. The camp was pitched at night at the fountain 'Ain el-Feshkhah.

Twenty-two days' close examination was expended upon the sea and its shores, i. e. from April 19th to May 10th. We can only advert to a few of the interesting facts. The sea and shores were accurately examined in all directions. The distance in a straight line from the fountain 'Ain el-Feshkhah directly across to the eastern shore was nearly eight statute miles. The soundings gave 696 feet as the greatest depth. Another line was run diagonally from the same point to the S. E. to a chasm, forming the outlet of the hot springs of Callirrhoë. The bottom of the sea was found to be a level plain, extending nearly to each shore, with an average depth of 1020 feet all across. The bottom was blue mud and sand; and a number of rectangular crystals of salt were drawn up, some of them perfect cubes. In a line from the springs of Callirrhoë to 'Ain Turabah, at a depth of 1044 feet, the temperature of the water was 62°; at the surface immediately above it 76°. From 'Ain Jidy directly across to the mouth of the Arnon, the distance was about nine statute miles, the greatest depth 1120 feet. On the eastern side of Kashim, Usdum (Salt Mountain) one third of the distance from its north extremity, a pillar of solid salt was discovered, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front and pyramidal behind.

without ceasing, a living power, a force fresh from the spirit he has given; ours, to get into such settled ways, that life may go almost of itself, with scarce the trouble of winding up. So that TIME, administered by Him, is always breaking up the old: by us, is riveting and confirming it. With him, it is the source of new growths and fresh combinations: which we proceed, as long as we can, to cut down and accommodate to the order which they interrupt. He employs it in rolling the forest into the river, and turning the streams from our abodes; in burying our fields and villages beneath the shifting sand-hills, which we strive to bind with grassy roots; in bringing back the marsh on our neglected lands, and setting us again the problem of pestilence and want. Every way he urges our reluctant will. He grows the thistle and the sedge: but expects us to raise the olive and the corn; having given us a portion of strength and skill for such an end. He directs over the earth the shifting wave of human population, and brings about those new conditions from which springs the rivalries and heats of nations: and expects us to evolve peace and justice; having inspired us with reason and affection for this end. He leaves in each man's lot a thicket of sharp temptations: and expects him, though with bleeding feet, to pass firmly through; having given him courage, conscience, and a guide divine, to sustain him lest he faint.

And, after all, in spite of the inertia of their will, men are, in their inmost hearts, on the side of God, rather than their own, in this matter. They know it would be a bad thing for them to have nothing to resist. They would like it, but they could not honor it; and in proportion as it was comfortable, it would be contemptible. They have always paid their most willing homage to those who have refused to sit down and break bread with evil things, and have made a battle-field of life. Even out of the primitive conflict with brute *Nature*, in which rocks were split, and monsters tamed, they evoked a God; and under the name of *Hercules*, invented an excuse for their first and simplest worship. No sooner is this physical contest closed, and the earth compelled to yield a roadway and a shelter to men, than the scene of struggle is changed, and they come into conflict with *each other*. Instead of dead resistance they encounter living force: from obstructive matter their competitor rises to aggressive mind: and whoever shows himself master of the higher qualities demanded in the collision, for justice' sake, of man with man,—the fixed resolve, the dauntless courage, the subjection of appetite, the sympathy with the weak and the oppressed,—is honoured by all as a hero, and remembered by his nation as its pride. But when the game of war is done, it is found that in struggling to a firm and established order of society, men have not got rid of all their foes and driven evil from off their world. Inward corruption may waste what outward assault could not destroy. Amid the luxuries and repose of peace, the springs of moral hardihood become enfeebled; guilty negligence, indulgent laxity, plausible selfishness, and even greedy hypocrisy, eat into the world's heart. A secret spirit of temptation, too powerful for its degeneracy, hovers over it and threatens to darken it into a Hell: when lo! at the crisis of its fate, there comes forth one to meet and to defy even this Invisible Fiend of *moral evil*, and by the wonders of prayer and toil and sorrow, make Lucifer, as lightning, fall from heaven: one, far different from the Strong Arm that subdues creation, and the Brave Heart that conquers men: being the Divine Soul that puts to flight the hosts of Satan, and, as the leader and perfecter of Faith, pushes the victories of men into the only unconquered realm,—the shadowy domain of Sin and its dread prisons of Remorse. Thus the primitive conflict with nature, which makes a Hercules, rises into the conflict with man, which makes the hero, and culminates in that infinitely higher conflict with the spirit of Evil, which is impersonated in Christ. We instinctively do homage in some sort to them all; only admiring the former as manly; and reverencing the last as godlike. And it may be remarked that, as the world has passed through these several stages of strife to produce a Christendom; so, by relaxing in the enterprise it has learnt, does it tend downwards, through inverted steps, to wildness and the waste again. Let a people give up their contest with moral evil; disregard the injustice, the ignorance, the greediness, that may prevail among them, and part more and more with the *Christian* element of their civilization; and, in declining this battle with Sin, they will inevitably get embroiled with men. Threats of war and revolution punish their unfaithfulness: and if then, instead of retracing their steps, they yield again and are driven before the storm;—the very arts they had created, the structures they had raised, the usages they had established, are swept away: "in that very day their thoughts perish." The portion they had reclaimed from the young earth's ruggedness is lost; and failing to stand fast against man, they finally get embroiled with Nature, and are thrust down beneath her ever-living hand.

The Law of conflict which God thus terribly proclaims in the history of nations, is no less distinctly legible in the moral life of individuals. In an old and complicated structure of society, the number is multiplied of those who exist in a state of benumbed habit; who walk through their years methodically, not finding it needful to be more than half awake; who take their passage through human life in an easy chair, and no more think of any self-mortifying work than of the ancient pilgrimage on foot; and are so pleased with the finish and varnish of the world around them, as to fancy demons and dangers all cleaned out. And thus the perfected customs, the smooth, macadamised ways of life, which are all excellent as facilities for swifter activity, have the effect of putting activity to sleep: the means of helping us to our proper ends, become the means of our wholly forgetting them: and looking out of the windows, we leave behind the commission on which we are sent, and set up as travellers for pleasure. This kind of peril is the peculiar temptation which besets all, and makes imbeciles of many, in an artificial community like ours. The battle of life is not now, so often as of old, thrust upon us from without: it does not give us the first blow, which it were poltroonery to fly: but it is internal and invisible: it has to be sought and found by voluntary enterprise: it is not with palpable flesh and blood beneath the sun, but with viewless spirits, that cling to us in the dark. To capture the appetites and make them content with their proper servitude: to change the heart of ambition, and turn its aspiring eye from the lamp of heathen glory to the starlight of a Christian sanctity: to seize anger and yoke it under curb of reason to the service of justice and of right: to lash the sluggish will to quicker and more earnest toil: to charm the dull affections into sweeter and more lively moods, and tempt their timid shyness to break into a song and mingle voices with the melody of life: to rouse pity from its sleep and compel it to choose a task and begin its plan;—all this implies a vigilance, a devotion, an endurance, which, though only natural to the "good soldier of Jesus Christ," are beyond the mark of the skeptics and trifers of the present age.

[Rev. James Martineau.

OUR ENEMIES WITHIN. Beyond all doubt the worst of our enemies are those we carry about with us in our own hearts. Adam fell in Paradise, Lucifer in heaven, while Lot continued righteous among the inhabitants of Sodom. Indifference to little sins and mistakes—the self-flattering voice of the heart, ever ready to sing its lullaby, the moment conscience is aroused—the subtle question of the serpent, "Hath God indeed said?" these are unquestionably the adversaries we have most to fear. There never was a fire but it began with smoke. I beseech thee, therefore, dear Master, to give me a sensitive conscience, that may take alarm at even small sins. O! it is not merely great trangressions that can bring a man to ruin. Little and imperceptible ones are, perhaps, even more deadly—according to the beautiful figure of Tauler, who says: "The stag, when attacked, tosses from him the great dogs, and dashes them to pieces upon the great trees, but the little ones seize him below, and tear the entrails from his belly."—[Tholuck.

☞ He who deliberately allows himself to persist in doing one thing which he knows to be wrong can be trusted in nothing.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, April 20, 1850.

RELIGIOUS CULTURE.

Our senses are educated by use. The experienced sailor will not only see a ship in the haze of the distant horizon where the landsman recognizes nothing, but he will tell to what class of ships it belongs. The intellect is educated by use, and the experienced thinker will recognize relations and analogies where to the uneducated mind there is nothing but confusion. Our moral perceptions are educated by use. He whose moral nature is kept alive by looking always to moral relations and by fidelity to his moral convictions, recognizes, as by instinct, a decided right or wrong in actions which to others seem wholly indifferent, and through this moral intuition he is fitted to pass judgment on the final result of such actions. So our religious nature is educated by use. Habits of prayer, of devout meditation, of referring all things in our devotions to the will of God, habits of communion with Christ till his words have become spirit and life to us, and our thoughts move in unison with his, must quicken our spiritual perceptions, deepen our religious consciousness, and give to us the power of recognizing as realities spiritual objects and relations of which others are, and from their own want of religious culture must be, entirely ignorant. Through this Christian culture, the education of our highest faculties by intercourse with the highest subjects which they can act upon, are we to enter into our highest life, and experience the purest joy, that the soul can know. We cannot open our hearts in prayer with intense yearning for intercourse with God without some accession of spiritual life and peace, and we cannot through the day carry out the experience of that moment without having it in some measure confirmed and established within us as a permanent part of our religious being. So should we go on, growing always in our spiritual gifts and perceptions, till our highest experience on earth is a foretaste of heaven.

MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS. By Washington Irving. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850.

Within a century after Mahometanism issued from the cave of Mecca, its watch-fires lined the Indus, its victorious cavalry had crossed the Niger, and in another direction, having traversed and conquered the North of Africa, was preparing in all its fury to burst upon the South of Spain. What were the causes which inspired these Arabs of the desert with the idea of universal conquest, and which enabled them to go on so long and triumphantly in their amazing career? The rapid spread of Mahometanism has commonly been attributed to causes entirely independent of any truth it might contain. There are one or two considerations, we think, which have not received the attention they deserve.

If the question were as to the immediate causes of its progress, we must doubtless find them in the wild, fanatic valor of the Arabs, in their love of adventure and plunder and power, in the singleness of purpose by which their tribes were united, in the easy conditions offered to the conquered who acknowledged Mahomet as the prophet of God, and in the doom to which the obstinate unbeliever was subjected. But this answer by no means goes to the bottom of the subject. What united these wild tribes together? It was a common faith, which separated them from the rest of the world, that there was but one God and that Mahomet was his prophet. What inspired this simple people with their passion for conquest and made a lawless race of Ishmaelites submissive to the sternest military rule? This question brings us back to a religious sentiment. The first idea of Mahometanism was absolute submission to God, who had revealed himself through his prophet. The highest and noblest work was the conversion of infidels. The believing soldier was an apostle of the Most High, was doing God's most chosen work. He entered the battle-field as devout men enter a temple. His natural courage was inflamed, lighted up, exalted into a strange heroism by the conviction that God was the approving witness of his deeds, that every blow was struck against the enemies of the Almighty, and if he fell, the angels were waiting to bear his soul on swift wings to Paradise. What could the false and feeble Greeks of the Lower Empire, the effeminate Asiatics, or the factions, the rival cities and hostile races of Northern Africa do, when confronted with a host united in one purpose and fired with a faith to which death was only a speedier triumph?

The belief in predestination, which was only carrying out their faith in the sovereignty of God, the idea that all things were foreseen and fixed in the decrees of the Almighty, did much to make them regardless of danger. No lesson was more sedulously inculcated than that the hour of death was appointed for every man, that till the hour came, he was safe in the thickest conflict, and that when it came, death would find him though hid in the concealed chamber of the peaceful castle.

This profound submission to the Almighty, in another way was suited to call out individual talent and energy. It made all men equal before God. It made the great mass of believers a vast democracy, all equal and acknowledging no one above them, except the Almighty, and those through whom he declared his will. It united the individual independence and freedom of a republic with the unity and concentration of despotism.

But the whole power of Mahometanism must be traced back to the manner in which it inculcates faith in God, and submission to his will. Its moving force was not a falsehood, but a truth—perverted, distorted, associated with error perhaps, but in itself a truth, and the greatest of truths. Instead of seeing in the spread of Mahometanism any evidence of the power of error, we see in it an evidence of the inspiring power of truth. What higher sentiment can there be than that of entire and hearty submission to God's will? What more exalted or exalting than a sentiment which causes one cheerfully to live and die in doing what God appoints? This sentiment filled and swayed and fired the Arab's heart. Doubtless, he was deceived as to what the will of God was, by trusting to a false prophet, but the sentiment was none the less true on that account. Suppose that well-instructed Christians had been governed by the same principles of submission, devotion and obedience to God,—who can doubt that, long before this, the world would have been Christianized? The difference between the early Mahometan and the Christians of his time was this; the Mahometan had a true religious sentiment misguided by a false faith; the Christian had the true faith, without the sentiment. Taken together, they furnish a striking illustration of the relations between the religious sentiment and religious opinions—the necessity of fervor in one and truth in the other.

That the power of Mahometanism resided in this religious sentiment which made every believer regard himself as a consecrated servant of the Almighty, is evident from a single fact. When religious enthusiasm decayed, the wonderful power of the Mahometan armies was gone. Mahometanism, as such, ceased to be aggressive. Its leaders, no longer the soldiers of God, contended with each other for earthly thrones; the great religious empire was broken up into fragments and factions; and as the one true sentiment which had been its life, decayed, the enormous errors combined with it began to reveal themselves and to spread like poison through the vast frame-work. The felt presence of one true sentiment gave Mahometanism its power, and the loss of that sentiment was the decay of its power.

We think that Christian nations might draw a lesson from the history or Mahometanism. Were Christian rulers and people inspired with the wiser devotion to God's will which their faith teaches, how swift must be the progress of justice and peace and right over the world; and what can be expected but strife and wrong and weakness when man's will usurps the place which belongs to the will of God?

We propose hereafter to speak of the book at the head of this article again. We will now only say that it is a delightful volume. It is characterized by the fluent narrative and the transparent purity of style which belong to all Mr. Irving's writings. It is published in Putnam's best manner, and is for sale in Boston at Crosby & Nichols.

[For the Register.]

HELP FROM GOD.

Father in Heaven! upon thy child
Thy pitying glances cast:
Thou knowest all the present sin,
Thou knowest all the past.

Thou knowest every restless throb
Of my impatient heart;
Thou see'st the untamed pulses beat,
The bitter tear drops start.

Thou see'st how coldly I pursue
The straight appointed path;
How strong my earthly impulses,
How weak and faint my faith.

Thou see'st my spirit unsubdued,
My duties unfulfilled,
Thou know'st how strong the barriers
My warring passions build.

Help me! my Father, or I faint,
So strong my tempters are;
I cast my burden at thy feet,
For help I make my prayer.

Give me a steadier control
O'er my wild spirit's strife,
And let me see thy ruling hand
In each event of life.

Teach me to scorn these earthly woes,
To fix my heart on heaven,
And let me, Father, look to Thee,
And trust to be forgiven.

N.

THE LEVITICAL LAW.

The Pentateuch claims divine authority for the details of the Levitical law, and the general belief of the Christian world leaves this claim unquestioned. Even though more enlightened believers may not imagine the minute regulations about food and dress to have been miraculously uttered, still they suppose that Moses made these specific arrangements according to a *ground-plan* divinely furnished,—"after the pattern shown him in the Mount." The provisions of the law are, however, sometimes objected to on the ground that they are mercilessly exacting in little things, that they are at once ludicrously trivial and intolerably burdensome. It would be surpassingly strange, if at this distance of time, we could assign an adequate reason for every provision in Leviticus. Many of the circumstances, which rendered this or that precept fitting and salutary, have long since passed into oblivion. As to the condition of the Hebrews for the earlier centuries of their national existence in Palestine, our information is very scanty, and we know still less of the manners, habits, and rituals of the surrounding nations, between whom and the chosen people, the law was designed to be an impassable barrier. But we are able to trace the utility, nay, the divine wisdom of so many regulations and prohibitions that at first sight seem utterly worthless, as to authorize the belief that the whole code would justify itself to our reason, had we sufficient knowledge to pass judgment upon it. There were two purposes specially provided for in the Levitical law, —the one appertaining to the material, the other to the spiritual life, namely, bodily health and purity of religious belief and worship.

1. Many of the laws of the Mosaic code are health regulations. Such were most of the laws relating to food,—those, for instance, which prohibited the eating of animals that died of disease or were killed by other and perhaps rabid animals, and of blood and fat, which last, among the people of the East, tends to produce distressing cutaneous disorders. The kinds of animal food forbidden were, many of them, loathsome and disgusting, such as were eaten by surrounding nations, but not without peril to health or life. Swine's flesh, which even with us is probably more palatable than healthful, cannot be used with safety where leprosy is prevalent. The minute observances enjoined where this fearful disease was suspected were rendered necessary by its highly contagious character. The priest is made in all cases the responsible inspector, and is not left to inspect in his own way, but has to pass through a long and complex process, which, as we read it, seems needlessly irksome to both parties. But a moment's reflection will show us that the prescribed mode of procedure must have worked favorably for those most nearly concerned in its results. It implied and imposed the utmost caution and deliberation on the part of the priest; and, when a reputed leper had passed through so severe an ordeal and was pronounced free from the disease, he must have found himself at once exempted from suspicion, whereas, under a less searching test, he might have been shunned and dreaded for a long time afterwards. Similar remarks will apply to what is termed the leprosy in houses, which is understood to be a nitrous efflorescence in stones and plaster, rendering them offensive and unhealthy, and gradually softening and crumbling them. Articles placed near it are damaged. When it once breaks out in a house, it is often found insufficient to remove the portion of the wall thus affected, and the efflorescence reappears, and spreads till the building falls into decay. The phenomena described under this head by Moses, are frequently witnessed in Malta at the present day. The strict inspection, to which houses liable to this pest were subjected by the Levitical law, and their entire destruction in case the infection spread, were doubtless the means of saving many lives that might have been endangered by the noxious exhalations, and many more that might have been sacrificed by the fall of walls that had imperceptibly mouldered away beneath this saline crust. The laws, defining the occasions on which individuals were to be deemed ritually unclean, and were required to wash their clothes and bathe themselves, were all health regulations. The occasions were such as might, without proper precautions, be productive of disease, in a warm country, among a dense population, and where woollen garments were almost exclusively worn. Similar considerations will account for the numerous regulations as to personal cleanliness, and the great stress laid upon this virtue throughout the Pentateuch. Even the divine presence is appealed to as a motive to duties of this class, and to deter the Hebrews from all personal habits by which the laws of neatness and purity might be covertly violated. We know not why this motive might not be effectively urged under the new covenant; for is not the neglect or violation of personal cleanliness a sacrilege committed against what St. Paul terms "the temple of the holy spirit?" "The Lord thy God," says Moses, "walketh in the midst of thy camp, therefore shall thy camp be holy, that he see no unclean thing in thee, and turn away from thee."

Is it said that there was no need of divine enactment with reference to matters like these,—that they had better been left to the progress of knowledge and refinement among the people! We answer that the initiation of judicious sanitary systems belongs to a very advanced stage of social progress, while, in default of regulations of this class, barbarous nations have often been almost depopulated by pestilence, and even whole tribes, as among the aborigines of our own continent, blotted out of being.

2. Another prominent purpose of portions of the Mosaic code that lie open to cavil, was to prevent idolatry. This was doubtless the end of the arrangements adapted to keep the Israelites a peculiar and separate people. To this class belong the laws, which forbade interest on loans, limited mortgages, checked and crippled the power of commercial enterprise, and made them an agricultural and pastoral nation exclusively. Under this same head we must place many of the regulations concerning the kinds and modes of sacrifice. Thus the Hebrews were to offer the males of the flock and herd, while in other nations female victims were the more common. The idolators around them sometimes seethed their victims, and sometimes baked them in the sun, both which practices were forbidden by Moses. All ancient idolators used the entrails of their victims for purposes of divination,—this part the Hebrews were directed to burn at once upon the altar. They were also ordered to sacrifice the very animals, which the Egyptians deemed too sacred to be slaughtered on any pretence whatever.

One great use of the laws regulating animal food must have been to cut off the Hebrews from social intercourse and the interchange of hospitality with their idolatrous neighbors. The Egyptians had also their list of clean and unclean animals, which in very few particulars coincided with that of the Hebrews. The dog was made unclean by the Levitical law, while no other flesh was so much esteemed among their most dangerous neighbors, the Canaanites. The flesh of the camel and the hare is both nutritious and wholesome; but these animals were in common use among the descendants of Ishmael, on which account probably they were prohibited to the posterity of Jacob.

We will add two or three miscellaneous instances of these legislative defences against idolatry, which in every other aspect would seem useless and puerile. One is: "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk." This precept occurs immediately after the command to carry to the sanctuary an offering of the first fruits of the land;* and we learn from a Rabbinical manuscript cited by Cudworth, that "it was a custom of the ancient heathens, when they had gathered in all their fruits, to take a kid, and boil it in the dam's milk, and then in a magical way, to go about and besprinkle with it all their trees and fields, and gardens and orchards; thinking by this means, they should make them fructify, and bring forth fruit again more abundantly the following year." The precept, "Thou shalt not sow thy field with mingled seed," derives illustration from an account which Maimonides gives of an idolations custom of this sort among the Zabians, who regarded the mixing of seed as essential to a prosperous harvest. It is said also that "garments mingled of linen and woollen," prohibited in the same verse, were the official dress of the Zabian priesthood. In the same chapter also occurs the command, "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard," reference probably being had to a peculiar mode, in which the posterity of Ishmael were accustomed to trim the hair and beard in honor of some one of their divinities, as in later times the Greeks did in honor and alleged imitation of Bacchus.

In general, there can be little doubt that the minutiæ of ritual worship in the law were designed to diminish the number of possible points of contact, and to multiply the points of difference and contrast, between the Hebrews and their Gentile neighbors. Unlettered nations think more of the forms than of the spirit of a religion, and become imbued with its spirit much more gradually than they become wedded to its forms. For such a people, therefore, a minute and complex ritual is the surest safeguard against apostacy; and there was a profound wisdom, well worthy to be deemed divine, in giving such a ritual to the Hebrews, who were too unrefined and unspiritual to have cherished the great central doctrines of their religion with a hundredth part of the zeal with which they clung to its outward forms.

* Occupying this position, it closes one of the appropriate chants in the Passover service of the modern synagogue; and, in attending this service a year ago, we were not a little amused by the full and solemn emphasis, the pent-up gush of fervent intonation, in which the entire congregation rounded off a long and carelessly rehearsed recitative with this to them utterly unmeaning sentence.

BATHOS. The following paragraph from the "Puritan Recorder" naturally excites several conflicting emotions. The rhetorical effect is singular. We have only to say that if the practice of bringing gold and silver into very intimate association with the "indulgence of a hope" were to become common, it might raise some unfortunate questions.

"ECCLESIASTICAL AFFAIRS MINISTERIAL.—We learn that the Rev. Dr. Higgins has closed his labors with the Church of the Pilgrims, and that forty-two persons now stand propounded for admission to this church. Dr. Higgins' labors, as we learn, have been very acceptable, and to all appearance greatly blessed. Those who have recently indulged hopes, and others, presented to Dr. H. gold and silver tokens of remembrance with suitable inscriptions, valued at about fifty dollars."

RANK OF CREATED INTELLIGENCES.

The Congregationalist, in commenting on the articles in our paper on "Christ as a mere man," suggests that we sustain towards them very much the same relation which our correspondent sustains towards us. Before replying to the Congregationalist in detail, we wish to say, that we know very little of the orders of created intelligences which may rise in endless gradations of power and glory between us and the Almighty Father. Neither do we know by what divine quickening of our human faculties, or by what additional endowments God might create one, who at the same time should be truly a man, and yet so transcend all that other men have been, and rise so far in perfect union with him as to be the medium of a new life to our race. We do not undertake to define the limits of our Saviour's nature. The spirit was given to him without measure. In him we behold God manifesting himself in the flesh, and reconciling the world to himself, just as the sun through the medium of our atmosphere pours out his rays upon the earth, and calls out all around us in newness of life. Through the atmosphere we behold the sun; through it light and heat are brought down and made sensible to us, but it is not the sun. Neither is the one mediator between God and men the Supreme God, though through him we behold God and are brought into union with him. But how far up Christ's nature extends we cannot say. That he was more than man we certainly believe. That he is not God, he expressly asserts when he says, "all power *is given* unto me in heaven and in earth." "This is life eternal, that they might know *thee the only true God*, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." We do not see how language can be so framed as to declare anything more decisively than these expressions declare, 1st, that all the power which Christ possesses *is given* to him, or a derived power, and 2dly, that the Father is the only true God. In what follows, let these things be borne in mind.

After referring to some of our remarks concerning Christ, the Congregationalist says:

"Any created being, however exalted above men in point of age, knowledge and holiness would have been out of his proper sphere, if he assumed such a position. When the angel in the apocalypse had revealed to John the glories of the heavenly city, the apostle, forgetting himself in the emotions which the sight had awakened, fell at the feet of his celestial visitor, to worship. The angel at once arrested him in his purpose, "See thou do it not, for I am thy *fellow servant*, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book. *Worship God.*" And where is there a holy created being that would not in like circumstances have called himself a fellow-servant!"

We would entreat any who are interested in this matter to read the whole chapter, Rev. xxii, and see whether, without doing violence to the language, we can suppose more than one being addressing St. John. It goes on in this way: "See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book. Worship God. He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; * * * * he that is holy, let him be holy still. And behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." By what rule of grammatical interpretation is one half of this unbroken passage forced into the mouth of one being, while the other half is certainly spoken by a different being? To us it is a strong passage against the doctrine which our friends of the Congregationalist bring it up to prove. And the interpretation plainly given by the context here must be applied to the other corresponding expressions in the same book.

The Congregationalist adds:—"What shall we think too of that Being, of whom it is said "all things were made by him; and without him was not anything made, that *was made?*" We think that the Greek warrants the strictest construction of the last part of this passage. It asserts in substance, that no *created* thing exists which was not created by Christ. We hardly know what interpretation Unitarians are at present accustomed to put upon this language, but when we find men, who like the editors of the Register seem determined to stick by the Bible, as the rule of faith, and who appeal to it continually as their authority upon these great questions, we feel emboldened in making a thorough use of the Bible in our discussions with them. The passage of Scripture last referred to, occurs in the opening sentences of the life of Christ. It is not of course natural to suppose that in such a place, the writer would have indulged himself for a moment, on some abstract and transcendental speculation, having no reference whatever to the biography which he was about to record. He touched upon that "Life" in his opening sentence. "In the beginning was the Word," and lest any should be in doubt, what was meant by the Word, it is but a moment and he tells us, that "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

We have not space to enter so fully as we should desire to into the passage. "In the beginning was the Word [the Divine Wisdom,] and the Word was with God, and God was the Word. It was in the beginning with God. All things were made through it, and without it was nothing, that has existed, made. In it was life, &c. And the word became flesh [or was incarnate,] and tabernacled among us."

The Editors of the Congregationalist, though they probably will not accept this as the true version, will, we think, allow that it is a literally exact translation of the original. In no other part of the New Testament is the "*word*" called "*he*," but always "*it*." All things were made *through it*, not *by it*,—see v. 17, "the law was given *through* Moses, but grace and truth were *through* Jesus Christ." So *through* the Word, [the Divine Wisdom,] God created all things, and without it was not anything made that has existed. And it was made flesh, (not literally according to any doctrinal view but that of the Roman Catholic transubstantiation,) "it was incarnate," or "dwelt among us in the flesh." In this way the whole passage is made perfectly intelligible. We have read Prof. Stuart's learned and elaborate article in the Bibliotheca Sacra, but it does not satisfy us.

Perhaps at a future day we shall take up the other texts quoted by the Congregationalist.

In reply to an article in the Congregational Journal on the same subject, we would say, that we do not object to mysteries in religion. We find them in everything else, why not, then, in the greatest of all subjects? What we object to is the attempt to define a mystery, and when by a human definition a divine mystery is converted into a palpable absurdity, to call on us to believe it. The Scriptures are full of mysteries. Christ's nature soars up into mysteries beyond our comprehension. But what do the Scriptures teach? First, that he was a man, though more than man, and secondly, that he was not God. Within these limits, therefore, but not beyond them, we are at liberty to think of him, to receive from him all the sympathy which can come from man, and pay to him all the homage and reverence which can be paid to any but the Eternal Father.

The Journal mistakes in supposing that we attribute to Christ in his human and super-human nature two wills and a double consciousness. A single will and a consciousness, such as belongs to man, may reach through, control, and constitute the personality of, faculties beyond those of the highest arch-angel. New senses, new powers of action, new faculties of intuition and emotion, may, by the Almighty Maker, be connected with a human consciousness, and this one will may be so perfectly in harmony with the Divine Will, that all the impulses of the soul may be directly the promptings and motions of the spirit of God, so that his words are the words of God, and he is one with God. In this sense Christ and the Father are one, and he also is one with his true followers.

REV. ENOCH MUDGE.

This most Christian man, the first native Methodist minister in New England, died at his residence in Lynn on Tuesday, the second of April. His funeral services, as we learn from the Zion's Herald, were performed in the Lynn Common Church on the following Friday afternoon. A large congregation assembled to pay their last respects to the venerable man, so universally beloved and honored in life, and so sincerely mourned in death.

The sermon was preached by Father Taylor, from the text, "My father, my father the chariot of Israel and the horseman thereof." 2 Kings 13: 14. It was given in his usual original and impressive manner, and made a powerful impression upon the audience. There was something sublime in the appearance of the remains of the hero of so many moral battles, as he lay before us, as one taking rest in sleep; to live so long, so usefully, so beloved, to fall at last without a stain, smiling in his repose and as though conscious of triumph, was cause for rejoicing, not of grief.

It was our privilege to know this excellent and devoted follower of Christ for a period of ten or twelve years, when in the midst of his labors as a minister to seamen in New Bedford. No man ever carried into his duties more the humility of a Christian disciple and the benignity of a Christian father. He looked on the seamen of the place as his children; he sought them out, invited them to his house, met them at their reading room and at the church, preached to them, gave them lectures on temperance, wrote didactic poems for them, and sent them off on their long voyages with wise counsels and useful books, and followed them still with his paternal blessing and his prayers. His was the influence of love reaching all around him through kind acts and sound words and a steadfast adherence to his one great purpose. He was in simplicity a child, and yet remarkable for his prudence and sagacity. We seldom met him then or think of him now without the feeling; "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile." Death can have no terrors for such a man; and his presence may still go in their thoughts with those who knew him, as calm but powerful assurance of the blessedness and peace which God bestows on those who love and serve him.

CALIFORNIA.

The Report of the Hon T. Butler King to the Secretary of State, upon the condition and products of California, appeared in the Republic of the 4th inst. A brief abstract of portions of the Report may not be uninteresting to our readers.

The population of the country in 1831 is computed to have been as follows:

Of converted Indians,	18,683
Of all other classes,	4,342
Total,	23,025

There was but little increase of this number previous to the year 1838, at which time emigrants from the United States began to enter the territory. The immigration of American citizens up to the 1st of January, 1850, is estimated at eighty thousand—of foreigners, twenty thousand. The population of California, therefore, at the commencement of the present year, is stated to be at least 115,000.

The climate is remarkable for its periodical changes, and for the long continuance of the wet and dry seasons, which divide the year. In the latitude of San Francisco the rains commence about the middle of November, and continue to fall, until the middle of May. They are not constant during this period, but they fall with sufficient frequency to designate it as the *wet season*. The *dry season* occupies the remainder of the year, and during its continuance, the sun rises from day to day, week after week and month after month, in unclouded brightness. Along the coast the heat which is generated by the continued and unbroken rays of the sun in the Summer, produces a vacuum or rarefaction of the atmosphere, which causes the cold winds from the mountains and currents from the ocean to rush in and blow with considerable force. These moving currents of air produce a much more cutting and uncomfortable effect upon the human skin than is produced by any winds along the Atlantic coast. They usually begin to blow about eleven or twelve o'clock and continue until night, when an equilibrium is produced and no more cold air pours in, till the heat of the next day's sun produces another vacuum. These phenomena are of daily occurrence through the dry season, and render the summer climate more disagreeable to one unaccustomed to it, than the winter. A few miles inland, where the cold winds from the ocean are modified by their passage over land, the climate is moderate and delightful. The heat of the day is not so great as to prevent labor, and the nights are cool and pleasant. This description of climate prevails in all the valleys of the coast range, and extends as far eastward as the valley of the Sacramento and San Joaquin.

The soil of the valleys which lie parallel to the coast and of those which extend eastwardly to the great plain of the Sacramento, is of unsurpassed fertility. It is evidently composed of an alluvial deposit and is of a deep black color. There are many beautiful valleys and rich hill-sides near the Sierra Nevada, which, when the profits of mining are so reduced as to permit the application of labor to agriculture, will be found capable of supporting a large population. The extensive valley of the Colorado, situated between the Sierra Madre and the Sierra Nevada, is but little known. It is inhabited by numerous tribes of savages, who manifest the most decided hostility to the whites, and have hitherto prevented any explorations of their country. The name of the river "Colorado is descriptive of its waters. They are as deeply colored as those of the Missouri or of the Red River.

The exportable products of California, previous to the treaty with Mexico and the discovery of the gold, consisted exclusively of hides and tallow. Wheat, barley, maize and edible roots were cultivated for home consumption but not for exportation. It has since been ascertained that in addition to these productions, Irish potatoes, onions and all the edible roots of the Atlantic states may be successfully cultivated. In all the valleys east of the coast range, the climate is sufficiently warm to mature crops of Indian corn, rice and probably tobacco. Grapes grow abundantly there, and the wine made from then is of excellent quality. Apples, pears, peaches, and similar fruits are cultivated with facility. The grasses are luxuriant and nutritious and afford excellent pasture. Although the mildness of the winter and fertility of the soil secure to California great agricultural advantages, yet on account of the heat and dryness of the summer, *irrigation* is of great importance. South of latitude 39° and west of the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada, the forests are limited to detached groves, scattered occasionally in the valleys, of oak and redwood. A very large proportion of this section is almost denuded of forests. In the northern part of the Territory, however, above 39°, there are beautiful and extensive timber forests.

At present the cultivation of the soil is almost wholly neglected. All the energies of the increasing population of the new State are directed solely to the discovery and developement of her mineral wealth and particularly to the search for gold. The gold region of the country is between four and five hundred miles long and from forty to fifty broad. It follows the line of the Sierra Nevada. Within its limits are embraced the extensive ranges of hills, which rise on the eastern border of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, and extending eastwardly from fifty to sixty miles, attain an elevation of about four thousand feet. They terminate at the base of the main ridge of the Sierra Nevada.

"The principal formation, or substratum, in these hills, is talcose slate; the superstratum, sometimes penetrating to a great depth, is quartz. This, however, does not cover the entire face of the country, but extends in large bodies in various directions—is found in masses and small fragments on the surface, and seen along the ravines, and in the mountains overhanging the rivers, and in the hill-sides in its original beds. It crops out in the valleys and on the tops of hills, and forms a striking feature of the entire country over which it extends. From innumerable evidences and indications, it has come to be the universally-admitted opinion among the miners and intelligent men who have examined this region, that the *gold, whether in detached particles and pieces, or in veins, was created in combination with the quartz.* Gold is not found on the surface of the country presenting the appearance of having been thrown up and scattered in all directions by volcanic action. It is only found in particular localities, and attended by peculiar circumstances and indications. It is found in the bars and shoals of the rivers—in ravines, and in what are called the dry diggings."

The rivers which flow through this section of the country wear away the quartz, and by constant attrition, reduce the gold into fine flakes and sand, and distribute it along their beds. In the dry season, the channels of the rivers are mostly without water, and gold is discovered there among the sand and gravel. These rivers intersect the gold region, running from east to west, at irregular intervals of fifteen, twenty, and perhaps thirty miles. In all probability the gold veins are equally rich in the intervals between the rivers as in the beds of the rivers themselves.

Mines of quicksilver have also been discovered, and it is believed that large quantities of this mineral exist in California. But on this point no accurate information has as yet been obtained.

The Report concludes by an attempt to estimate the amount of gold which has been obtained from the mines, and by sundry recommendations for the preservation of the public domain and the protection of the Americans who flock to it. The amount of gold obtained in the years 1848 and 1849 is estimated in round numbers at $40,000,000. Mr. King recommends that the entire gold region should be excepted from the operation of the pre-emption laws and from sale, and should be regarded as the common treasure of the American people. On the payment of a certain tax or of a per centum on the amount of gold obtained, to the general government, every citizen should have the right of digging for himself. The establishment of a mint at San Francisco or at some other place is also advised, together with some other measures of minor importance.

[For the Register.]

RENSSELAER INSTITUTE.

I have lately had the pleasure of attending the examination of the Rensselaer Institute in the pleasant city of Troy, N. Y. at the close of the winter term of twenty weeks. This is an institution *sui generis*, differing, I believe, in some respects from all the literary institutions in our country. It is not a university or college or academy in the common acceptation of those terms, although it has a Board of Trustees appointed by the State, and is authorized to confer degrees on such students as have completed the prescribed course of studies and have passed the ordeal of a very strict and severe examination. That course of studies embraces such portions of the Mathematics, pure and mixed, as are connected with Civil Engineering, Surveying, laying out of lands &c., besides Chemistry, Mineralogy, Botany and other branches of Natural History. The course may be completed in one year; but in case of the younger students it is commonly more extended.

The Institute is not therefore a *substitute* for a College or a High School, where the attention of the pupil is very properly divided among other important branches of science. It should be regarded rather as *supplementary*, meeting a want that has often been felt by young men graduated at our Colleges, who have wished to qualify themselves for a profession for which there is a growing demand in our country—that of Civil Engineers, in laying out rail-roads, constructing plans, charts, maps, &c., and in other labors of practical utility, for developing the resources of the New World.

From the examination, which lasted three days, and which was conducted in a manner to me quite novel, I was led to form a very favorable opinion of the Institution under its present management. The test applied was a severe one, and demanded a thorough preparation and perfect self-possession on the part of the young gentlemen who were successively called up.

J. A.

LITERARY—Sir James Stevens has been appointed Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, England, in place of Prof William Smith, deceased.

A Commentary on Daniel by Prof. Stuart of Andover, and a life of Martin Luther, by Dr. Sears of Newton, are announced as in the press.

No work of American scholarship has ever been received with more general and hearty commendation in England than Mr. Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature.

We have noticed in the newspapers lately a report that Edward Everett is engaged in writing a history of France. We are not informed with regard to its truth, but hope that it will prove correct.

News from the Churches.

[For the Register.]

Unitarian Society at Bernardston.

I send for publication, certain resolutions, recently adopted by that Society, in reference to the departure of Rev. A. M. Bridge, their late Pastor. These resolutions were not passed as a matter of form or civility,—but are the genuine feelings of the people of his late charge.

Arrangements are now in progress for the thorough repair of their old church,—what has long been very much needed. In this, as in other matters, they are united and harmonious; and they intend, before another year shall pass away, to have stated and regular ministrations of the Gospel—after the manner of their faith. Until their Church shall be repaired, they will probably have no regular preaching. In the mean time any "labor of love" by any clergyman of their faith, who may be passing that way, or who likes a quiet summer residence in a country town, would be most thankfully and gratefully received. They will consider themselves fortunate if they should hereafter find a minister as faithful and devout as their late Pastors, Rev. T. F. Rogers and Rev. A. M. Bridge. C.

Bernardston, April 10, 1850.

At a legal meeting of the members of the Unitarian Society of Bernardston, held on Monday the 18th day of Feb., 1850, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

"*Whereas*, It has become impracticable for this Society, under existing circumstances, to furnish an adequate support for Rev. A. M. Bridge. And whereas, a dissolution of the parochial ties that now unite Pastor and People, will, therefore, become necessary;—and a separation take place on the 1st of April next,—

"*Therefore Resolved*, As the unanimous expression of the feelings and views of this religious Society—That the ministry of Rev. A. M. Bridge, during the time that he has resided with us, has been of a satisfactory and acceptable character; that he has faithfully and ably discharged the duties of a Christian Minister—devoting his time and his talents to the moral and religious improvement of his people; that his demeanor has been that of a good citizen, a kind and sympathizing friend and a devout and exemplary Christian; and that it is with deep and heartfelt regret that we must lose his services as a minister of the Gospel, and highly agreeable and pleasant society as a neighbor and friend.

"*Resolved*, That his enlarged and liberal views of Christian doctrine; his earnest but judicious advocacy of all the great measures of Reform that are now receiving the attention of the people; his devotion to the cause of Common Schools and to the interests of Education generally; and his willingness to labor even beyond his physical ability, to spread "liberty, holiness, and love" in this community, are worthy our highest commendation and receive our grateful approbation.

"*Resolved*, That P. L. Cushman, Oliver Root, and Henry W. Cushman, be a Committee to present a copy of these resolutions to Rev. A. M. Bridge, and that copies be sent for publication to the Christian Register at Boston, and the Christian Inquirer at New York."

A true copy,—Attest:

John Sanderson, *Parish Clerk.*

[For the Christian Register.]

Providence, March 20.

A statement which has been made relative to the long term of service of the several ministers who have been settled over the First Church in Portland, has reminded me of some facts connected with the First Congregational Church in Providence, which may not be uninteresting to your readers.

This Society first met for worship in 1720, and erected their first meeting house in 1723. In 1795 a second house was dedicated, which was destroyed by fire in 1814. In 1816 the present edifice was built, and it is a building which reflects credit upon those who were engaged in its construction. The solid masonry, the graceful spire, the cheerful interior, all so well adapted to social and deep religious emotions.

The first Pastor, Josiah Cotton, was settled in 1728. He was succeeded in 1752 by John Bass, and in 1762 David S. Rowland was installed, and continued until 1774. In 1775, when the British had possession of Boston, Dr. John Lathrop, who was pastor of the Second Church in Boston, came to Providence to reside, and was invited to minister to this Society, until he could return. This invitation was accepted and he preached nearly a year After an interval of ten years, and a doubtful and perilous struggle of sixty years, in 1783, Dr. Hitchcock was installed, and he continued their pastor until his death, a period of twenty years. His successor was chosen in 1805, and continued twenty years.

In November, 1832, Edward B. Hall was installed as the Pastor, and from that day began a new era in the history of the First Congregational Society.

Mansfield. Mr. Daniel W. Stevens of Cambridge has received a unanimous invitation to be settled at Mansfield,—Rev. Mr. Kinsley, the former minister, having under very favorable auspices accepted a call at Mendon.

Bucksport, Me. We are happy to learn that there is Unitarian preaching in Bucksport. Rev. Mr. Holland, Sec. of the A. U. A. preaches there next Sabbath.

South Natick. Rev. T. B. Gannett has dissolved his connection with the Unitarian Society in South Natick.

Albany, N. Y. We understand that Mr. Taggart has dissolved his connection with the Unitarian Society in Albany.

Wheeling, Va. Mr. DeLange, late of Quincy, Ill. is preaching in Wheeling and vicinity.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Angel World, and other Poems: by Philip James Bailey, Author of Festus. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

In this little volume, there are none of the peculiar excellencies, nor any of the peculiar faults of Festus.

This "Angel World" does not fulfil the promise which many persons will have felt was made to them by Festus, written at twenty-three years of age. In Festus, on half of the pages, there are lines to be recurred to again and again; but in the present volume there are few such.

The "Angel World" tells that an angel had been betrothed for many ages to a sister angel, in some region of the universe, into which the devil enters very successfully. The sister angel forgets her betrothed, and loves wicked company. But the world grown corrupt grows waste. On which the sister angel repents of her wickedness, becomes pious again, and in some heavenly way is married to her constant lover. The sister angel has a sister, who never apostatized. And of the two sisters, the angel bridegroom says—

"Be one, my sister, and be one, my bride;
Each than the other dearer, more divine."

To one who has read the author's former work, the poems of this volume are like the faint words of a strong man.

Yet it is not right to have a man's deeds dwarfed in our estimation by higher works of his own achieving. Good things are good, whether there exist things better than they or not; and they are blessings to us; and are what we ought to be glad of, and grateful for. The following verses were, no doubt, suggested by this text in the book of Revelations—"I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands:"—

They come, from the ends of the earth,
White with its aged snows;
From the bounding breast of the tropic tide,
Where the day-beam ever glows;—
From the east where first they dwell,
From the north, and the south, and the west,
Where the sun puts on his robe of light
And lays down his crown to rest.

Out of every land they come—
Where the palm triumphant grows,
Where the vine overshadows the roofs and the hills,
And the gold-orbed orange glows;
Where the olive and fig-tree thrive,
And the rich pomegranates red,
Where the citron blooms, and the apple of ill
Bows down its fragrant head.

From the lands where the gems are born—
Opal and emerald bright;
From the shores where the ruddy corals grow,
And pearls with their mellow light;
Where silver and gold are dug,
And the diamond rivers roll,
And the marble white as the still moonlight
Is quarried, and jetty coal;—

They come—with a gladdening shout;
They come—with a tear of joy;
Father and daughter, youth and maid,
Mother and blooming boy.
A thousand dwellings they leave,
Dwellings—but not a Home;
To them there is none but the sacred soil,
And the land whereto they come.

And the Temple again shall be built,
And filled as it was of yore:
And the burden be lift from the heart of the world,
And the nations all adore;
Prayers to the throne of Heaven
Morning and eve shall rise,
And unto and not of the Lamb
Shall be the sacrifice.

And these lines, too, are poetic, and mystic, and grand, and make in the reader a feeling that hints of heirship to God:—

And—as the vesper hymn of time precedes
The starry matins of Eternity,
And daybreak of existence in the Heavens,—
To know this, is to know we shall depart
Into the storm—surrounding calm on high,
The sacred cirque, the all-central infinite
Of that self blessedness wherein abides
Our God, all kind, all loving, all beloved.

An Oration: delivered at Malden, on the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town, May 23, 1849. By James D. Green. Boston: G. C. Rand & Co.

A carefully prepared, vigorously written discourse, but less purely local in the information it contains than most historical discourses of the kind. Malden was in its interests and relations so intimately connected with the larger settlements of Charlestown and Boston, that during the first century it could hardly be said to have a separate history. We extract a paragraph or two:

"The place made vacant in the pulpit of this early church, by the extraordinary proceeding to which I have referred, was soon filled by Michael Wigglesworth, whose pastoral relation seems to have continued for nearly half a century, though the active duties of his ministry were suspended by sickness, as Increase Mather has informed us, "for some whole sevens of years." A voyage to Bermuda somewhat improved, but did not completely restore, his health. When unable to preach, he devoted much time to writing for the "edification of such readers as are for plain truths, dressed up in a plain metre." His principal poetical production, entitled the "Day of Doom," had no small celebrity at the time, passing through several editions, both in England and in this country. From another, entitled "A Short Discourse on Eternity," I will cite a few stanzas as a specimen of his poetry, and of the language in which he clothed some of the grand conceptions of his mind:

"What Mortal man can with a span
mete out Eternity?
Or fathom it by depth of Wit
or strength of Memory?
The lofty Sky is not so high,
Hell's depth to this is small;
The World so wide is but a stride,
compared therewithal.

"It is a main great Ocean,
withouten bank or bound;
A deep Abyss, wherein there is
no bottom to be found.
. . . . . .

"Nought joyn'd to nought can ne'er make ought,
nor Cyphers make a Sum;
Nor things Finite to infinite
by multiplying come;
A cockle-shell may serve as well
to lade the Ocean dry,
As finite things and Reckonings
to bound Eternity."

He was one of the Corporation of Harvard College; father of the first, and grandfather of the second, Hollis Professor of Divinity in that institution. Of the regard entertained for him by the town, there is ample evidence upon the records. Particular days were appointed when "all the inhabitants," as it is sometimes expressed, or, "all the cutters and carters," as expressed at others, were to "cut and cart firewood for Mr. Wigglesworth." In addition to his stated salary of £55, with the use of the parsonage, he had given him by vote "all the strangers' money," and "a highway was granted to his house through the town land." The moss-covered stone which marks the spot of his burial in yonder grave-yard bears the touching memorial of his people's love, He was their "physician both of soul and body."

Goldsmith's Works, Vol. 3 New York: G. P. Putnam.

This is the third volume of Putnam's excellent edition of Goldsmith. It contains, among some of his minor writings, the Vicar of Wakefield—one of the few works read by every one who reads English. How little a writer's fame depends on the number of his books! It is not the quantity, but the perfection which posterity regards. A short poem like the Traveller or Deserted Village, or a tale like the Vicar of Wakefield, perfect of its kind, is worth folios of what is less finished and complete. We have already expressed our opinion of Goldsmith, and we now only advise those of our readers who wish for his works, to buy this edition. It may be found at Crosby & Nichols's.

Memoirs of Rev. Mr. Sanford: by M. Ballou. New York: Halloch & Lyon. 1850.

Mr. Sanford was a Universalist minister whose brief life was filled with strenuous labors for personal improvement and public usefulness. The memoir is prepared by one who loved the departed, and it exhibits a character which seems to have attracted affection and respect wherever his lot was cast. The volume contains a selection from his sermons, which bear good testimony to the power of his mind, and the pure and Christian tone of his preaching. It may be found at Crosby & Nichols's.

Redwood: a Tale, by the Author of "Hope Leslie," complete in one volume. Author's Revised Edition. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1850. Sold in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

Of the generation now adult few will need an introduction to this well-known fiction of Miss Sedgwick. Pure, instructive, engaging, it is a story that may be commended without misgiving. It has immortalized "Mother Anne" and the Shakers, though not quite in the way they would choose. As the old edition is doubtless worn out as well as sold out, Mr. Putnam has done well to put it into this new and handsome dress.

The Sources of Health: by John A. Torleu, M. D., Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and of the Homœopathic National Institute. Boston: Otis Clapp. 1850.

A modest, sensible, practical Treatise on Health, Diet, and Regimen,—matters that all persons are concerned with, and few understand. At the close, there is a plea for Homœopathy.

[For the Register.]

Messrs. Editors. In your kind notice of my humble labors for the poor prisoner, in the last Register, you say that I devote a portion of my time, generally the Sabbath, to imparting moral and religious teaching to the inmates of Leveret street jail. I do devote a portion of my time to this purpose, but not on the *Sabbath*. Usually I occupy some pulpit on the Sabbath, with a view of creating what I believe to be a correct public sentiment respecting crime and its treatment. Especially has the Unitarian pulpit been open to me for this purpose. Its ministers are my best friends. Had it not been for their kind words and generous aid, I could not easily have continued my labors, and should have been measurably without the pecuniary means of promoting them. Yours truly,

John M. Spear.

2½ Central Court, April 16.

[For the Christian Register.]

The three religious Societies in this place—namely, the Orthodox, the Baptist, and the Unitarian, held a Union Meeting on the afternoon of Fast-day, the 11th inst., in the Unitarian Meeting-house; and the ministers of these several Societies addressed the audience on the subject of Temperance. The house was filled with attentive listeners. No objection to such a meeting was heard from any quarter. And it is believed that similar meetings will be held on future Fast-days. G. L.

North Marshfield, April 15, 18'0.

☞ Dr. C. Jewett, the distinguished advocate of Temperance, will lecture at the Tremont Temple in this city next Sunday evening.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

From the Manchester Messenger.

Letter from Prof. Webster's Daughter.

The following communication from a daughter of Prof. Webster, in reply to a letter addressed her, has been handed us by the gentleman to whom it was directed with a request for its publication. Without comment we lay it before our readers

Cambridge, April 8th, 1850.

Daniel Marsh, Esq.—Sir:—I this morning received the very kind letter you addressed to me, and which I hasten to answer to thank you in the name of my mother, my sisters, and myself, for the *true* sentiments you entertain respecting my beloved father. You believe him innocent, and you believe *what is true*; he is the victim of circumstances, a deeply injured man—that he is innocent, we his family *know*, and nothing on earth will ever take from us this conviction. We have never, from the moment he was snatched away from his home, had a shadow of a doubt on our minds, and whatever the world may say or do, we shall ever have that feeling to support us. The knowledge of his innocence supported my father during the hours of suffering in the Court room; that it is that gives him and us calmness now, amidst the many sources of sorrow that have overwhelmed us.

Far different from what we anticipated, was the result of the trial, for we had been assured throughout the winter that our father could not but be restored to us, and that at the trial, he must receive justice for the many wrongs that had been heaped upon him. But justice fled from the Court room, and prejduice took her place.

Yet hope still lingers with us, for we trust that the public voice will be raised against the gross injustice that has been committed, and will not allow our country to bear such a stigma on her name, such an everlasting stain, as will be that of the sacrifice of one so truly innocent as my father. And if one word from us, Sir, can add a feather's weight to the efforts that are being made, Oh, may we give you the deep assurance of our hearts, that we feel grateful for the interest that you express and feel, and for what you are doing in our behalf. May God in his infinite mercy look down upon you, and bless the efforts that are being made, and if it is not his will to bring the truth to light, and to allow this awful mystery to be explained, may he enlighten the minds of those into whose hands the case will pass.

I must thank you, Sir, for the kind feeling you express toward my dear father. Nothing that the world can do now gives us greater consolation, than the knowledge that others believe him innocent. Sympathy has flowed abundantly from many hearts towards us, his family, but how much more prized by us is that sympathy, when expressed for *him*. That our beloved father may be restored to us, is the fervent prayer of our hearts, and we wait tremblingly in the hope, that those who are now to decide in his case may see the terrible injustice that has been committed, and has inflicted so much suffering on so many.

Believe me, Sir,
Gratefully yours,
Harriet W. Webster.

True, Very. It is related of a Mr Dickinson, who was a member of the Convention which formed the Constitution of the United States, from the State of Delaware, that before he came to the Convention to take part in its business, he emancipated all his slaves The report having gone abroad, when he came up to the Convention some one asked him, if the rumor was true. "Yes," said he, "it is, and I now feel myself qualified to deliberate on the form of government *for the preservation of Liberty*, for no man's understanding is perfectly erect upon the subject of liberty and government while he keeps a single slave." And we would add to this, that no man is competent fully to understand and appreciate the constitution of the United States, or to give it a fair and honest interpretation, so long as he clings to the slave system, and wishes to get countenance and favor to that system.—[Congregationalist.

Spain and Cuba.—An Ambassador coming to the United States—By the Europa we are advised that the Spanish Government had borrowed 30,000,000 reals for the purpose of placing the Island of Cuba in a proper state of defence, and Count Mirasol was about to embark at Cadiz for Havana, there to see the orders of the Spanish Cabinet carried into effect, after which he was charged to proceed on a special mission to the President of the United States.—[N. Y. Express

Liberal Bequest. The late B. H. Punchard, Esq., of Andover. by his will has given $60,000 for the establishment and support of a High School in that town. It is to be managed by a Board of Trustees of different denominations—the bible to be read in the school daily, and the Lord's prayer repeated every morning. Mr. P. has been for years a generous benefactor of the Episcopal Church in Andover.

[Lowell Courier.

Minnesota Territory, for which a government was formed by act of Congress in 1849, is bounded on the north by British Possessions, east by Wisconsin, south by Iowa, and west by Missouri and White-earth rivers. Estimated area, two hundred thousand square miles. The qualification of voters is similar to Pennsylvania excluding Indians and colored persons. Its capital is St. Paul. Population of whites in 1849, six thousand.

The Colored School Question.—The Supreme Court lately delivered an opinion in favor of the city, (establishing separate schools,) in the case which was brought to test the legality of the colored schools. The case was argued last term by Charles Sumner, Esq., for the plaintiff, and by P. W. Chandler, Esq., City Solicitor, for the city.

Emigration. Over 1000 Irish emigrants arrived at Boston, last week, by ship.

The Slave Trade. It is said that Lord Palmerston has addressed an energetic note to the Spanish Government, complaining of the scandalous manner in which the slave trade is carried on at Cuba. He threatens the blockade of the Island if his representation is not attended to.

American Bible Society. The thirty-fourth anniversary of the American Bible Society will take place in New York on the 9th May next. It is expected to be an occasion of unusual interest. The Society has recently sent an agent with books to Hayti.

T. Babbington Macaulay, the historian, has been elected Professor of Ancient History in the Royal Academy, in place of the late Bishop of Llandaff.

Layard, the Oriental traveller, has effected an entrance into a room of the Palace at Nimroud, containing an extraordinary quantity of shields swords, bowls, crowns, and ornaments in ivory and pearl, beautifully chased and embossed.

Germans.—The German population of the United States is estimated at 4,000,000.

☞ Festival Concerts at the Tremont Temple. *The Palace of Industry.*

Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, April 23d and 24th

Two Concerts with the above title, by a large choir of children and youth, under the direction of Mr. J. C. Johnson, will be given on the evenings of the 23d and 24th, commencing at ½ past 7 o'clock

They will be similar in form to the "Palace" of last year, but with new songs and trades and new and elegant decorations.

Programme.

Part 1. *Mr. Musicantus' School.* Musical recitations—geography—reading—singing lessons—punishment, &c. March with banners.

Part 2d. *Industrial Scenes.* Sewing society—quilting party—dinner party;—milliners, confectioners, barbers, merchants, shakers, doctors, baker, butcher, cooper, fishermen, cobbler, cook, florists, harpists, painters, sailors, blacksmiths, Irishmen, tailors, and many others, all working and singing

Part 3d. *Entrance to the Palace.* This entertainment, it is believed, will be the most brilliant of the "Floral Concerts."

*** Tickets 25 cents. Children under 12, half price. Boys must be accompanied by adult friends. april20

☞ Notice. Auxiliaries and other contributors to the Unitarian Association, are particularly requested to make their Annual payments before the *second week in May*, in order that there may be sufficient funds in the Treasury before the Anniversary, to make all needful appropriations for the year, ending May 31.

april13 6t F. W. HOLLAND.

☞ Norfolk County Bible Society. The Annual Meeting of this Society, by permission of Divine Providence, will be held at Washington Hall, in the Rev. Mr Mer ick's Meeting-house, on Tuesday, the 23d inst., at one o'clock, P. M. An Address may be expected from the Rev. Mr. Butler, Agent of the American Bible Society.

CALVIN DURFEE, Chairman of Ex. Com.

South Dedham, April 13.

☞ Sunday Evening Lectures. The Fourteenth Lecture of this course, will be delivered in Bedford Street Church, to-morrow evening, at 7 o'clock.

Subject. Retribution—Its Certainty, its Nature, its Importance. april20

☞ The Children's Mission. The Subscriber gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following sums in aid of the "Children's Mission."

Of the South Congregational Sunday School, in two separate payments, $23 56

Of the Sunday School connected with Rev. Mr. Coolidge's Church, second payment, 5 00

april20 Benj. H. Greene, Treasurer.

☞ Sunday School Society. The Annual Meeting of the Sunday School Society for choice of Officers for the ensuing year, will be held Wednesday, 24th inst., at 3½ o'clock, P. M., at No. 134 Washington street

april20 S. G. SIMPKINS, Rec. Sec'ry.

☞ The Boston Association of Congregational Ministers will meet on Monday next, at the house of Rev S. Barrett, in Chambers street.

april 9 Samuel B. Cruft, Scribe.

☞ The Union Conference Meeting will be held at the Vestry of the Bulfinch Street Church on Wednesday evening next at 7½ o'clock. All interested are invited to attend. april20

☞ Warren Street Chapel. The Annual Meeting of the Association for the support of this Institution will take place at the Chapel on Sunday evening, April 21st, at 7 o'clock. Report and Addresses.

*** The public are invited to attend. april20

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev Chandler Robbins, Mr Joseph G. Bell to Helen Maria, daughter of the late Isaac Adams, Esq.

April 14, at Pitts Street Chapel, by Rev S. H. Winkley, Mr H. M. Sleeper to Miss Temperance Clapp.

In Brighton, March 9, by Rev F. A. Whitney, Mr Samuel K. Whiting of Ellsworth, Me, to Miss Eliza J. Morse of Brighton.

In Woburn, by Rev Mr Edes, Mr Charles R Damon of Cochituate, to Mary J., daughter of Edward Walker, Esq., of Burlington.

In Beverly, April 8, Rev Augustus Woodbury, Pastor of the Unitarian Church in Concord, N. H., to Miss Rebecca B., daughter of Mr Phillip English of B.

In Lynn, April 3, by B. F. Mudge, Esq., Mr Horace C. Ware of Salem, to Miss Huldah V. Hanson of L.

In Lexington, April 11, by Rev Mr Barrett, Mr Elisha C. Wheeler of Boston, to Miss Hannah M., daughter of Christopher Solis, Esq.

In Newburyport, April 9, by Rev Leonard Withington, Mr Alfred Cook to Miss Elizabeth Poor.

In New Bedford, April 16, by Rev John Weiss, John Ham Williams Page, Esq., to Miss Susan B. Greene, daughter of D. B. Greene, Esq.

In Rochester, N. H., April 9, by Rev L. Billings, Wm. Follansbee M. D., to Mrs R. P. Moore, all of Peterboro.

In St. Louis, Mo., April 2, by Rev Mr Eliot, Alfred Chadwick, formerly of Exeter, N. H., to Elizabeth H. Palmer, only daughter of Dr Joseph Palmer of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, April 7, of typhus fever, Mr Calvin Hagar, of the firm of J. Gilbert Jr. & Co., 36.

April 6, Mrs Susan, wife of Mr Galutia Heath, daughter of Mr Samuel George of Franklin, N. H., 34. Mr Barnabas Wild, 80.

In Charlestown, Abby Fiske, daughter of Hon. G. W. Warren, 6 yrs 4 mos.

In West Cambridge, Mr Ammi Cutter, formerly of Boston, 72.

In Andover, April 4, Benjamin H. Punchard, Esq., 50.

In Watertown, April 8, of scarlet fever, Frank, son of Symmes and Harriet C. Gardner, 4 yrs 10 mos.

In Medway, March 22, Thaddeus Lovering, Esq., 84.

In Southboro', Mass., March 22, Rev Jeroboam Parker 81, a graduate of Harvard University of the class of 1797.

In Portland, April 4, Mrs Elizabeth Stearns, widow of Samuel Stearns, and formerly of Gloucester, Mass., 97.

In Newburyport, Mrs Mary, relict of the late Capt. Wm. Nichols, 92 yrs 10 mos

In Ashburnham, April 3d, Mrs Ruth Foster, wife of Joel Foster, 76.

The Subscriber wishes to receive five or six children into his family, during the Summer months, to educate, from the ages of nine to thirteen. For terms, and other particulars, apply to HENRY F. EDES.

Woburn, April 18. eptf

MOUNT PLEASANT CLASSICAL BOARDING-SCHOOL, AMHERST, MASS.,

Rev. J. A. Nash, Principal. The Summer Term of this School will commence on Wednesday, the 1st of May. For particulars, address the Principal, at Mount Pleasant.

REPORT

Of an Examination of the Mt. Pleasant Boarding-School, March 29, 1850, by Prof. Wm. S. Tyler, Prof. Henry B. Smith, and J. W. Boyden, Esq.

Having been present by request of the Principal, at the recent semi-annual examination of the Mt. Pleasant Classical School, we deem it no more than is due to the Institution and to its friends and patron, that we present the following concise statement of facts touching the studies pursued and the proficiency of the pupils during the last season.

The branches of study and instruction were Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Algebra, Geometry, Arithmetic, Bookkeeping, Astronomy, American History, Geography, English Grammar, Declamation, Reading, Spelling and Penmanship. The number of pupils present at the Examination was about twenty, who were brought together in a neat and comfortable parlor, (used as the Principal's Recitation-room,) and who demeaned themselves as became young gentlemen in such a place and in such relations. The exhibition which they made of their attainments, was highly creditable both to themselves and to their teachers, giving evidence at once of diligence and faithfulness in study, and of accuracy, patience and thoroughness in instruction, especially in those elements in the mastery of which boys lay the foundation of all high scholarship.

Of the singular beauty and felicity of the location and of the truly paternal care which is exercised over the health, comfort and moral habits of the boys, nothing need be said to any one, who knows anything of Mt. Pleasant, since it has been under the charge of Mr. and Mrs. Nash.

In conclusion, we are happy to speak in behalf of the school a continuance of that patronage and public confidence, which it has hitherto enjoyed.

W. S. TYLER,
HENRY B SMITH,
J. W. BOYDEN.

Amherst, April 20. 3tis

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 310. 12½ cents.

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3. Cardinal Pacca's Memoirs— "
4. Burnet on Portrait Painting— "
5. Francis Jeffrey— "
6. The Micmac's Bride—Fraser's Magazine.
7. Campbell on Denman—Spectator.
8. Arctic Enterprise— "

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Short Articles. Panorama of the Arctic Expedition; Mrs. Bartley; Washing Liquor; Homeric Table; Annexation of Canada; Raquette River.

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SUMMER RETREAT

AT GERMANTOWN, QUINCY.

THE Residence of the late Dea. J. Sullivan, will be open as usual, for the reception of Boarders, the coming season.

The combination of facilities for rural and seaside recreations, renders this an attractive residence for the warmest weather, and also an uncommonly healthful and agreeable one, both early and late in the season.

Good accommodations will be offered at moderate charges, if wanted for several months. The Cars on the Old Colony Railroad stop at Quincy seven or eight times each way daily; and Carriages at the Depot convey passengers to Germantown.

Information concerning the location, &c., may be obtained of Mr. J. W. Sullivan, 23 Long Wharf,—and of Mr. Wm. Blake, 47 Allen street, Boston.

Applications may be addressed to Misses Sullivan, Quincy, Mass.

References. Rev. Wm. Hague, Dr. George C. Shattuck, Drs. S. G. Shipley, Boston, Gideon F. Thayer, Quincy, Dr. J. Wild, Braintree.

Germantown, April 13. 1is

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This work, which has been long delayed on account of the unexpected amount of material, is one of the most scientific works that has appeared in this country.

Embodying the researches of our best scientific men, relating to a hitherto comparatively unknown region, it will be found to contain a great amount of new scientific information.

The illustrations, seventeen in number, are in the finest style of the art, by Sonrel; embracing Lake and Landscape scenery, Fishes, and other objects of Natural History, with an outline map of Lake Superior.

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march30 2mis

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Congregational Church in St. Johnsbury, Vt., with 27 stops.

Unitarian Church, Salem, Mass., Rev. Mr. Frothingham, with 24 stops.

Unitarian Church, Brookline, Mass., Rev. Mr. Knapp, with 34 stops.

Baptist Church, Cleaveland, Ohio, with 28 stops.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, Rev. Mr. Newton, with 49 stops.

Second Baptist Church, St. Louis, Missouri, with 34 stops.

Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. H. W. Beecher, with 46 stops.

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A LARGE assortment of every description of *Linen Cambric Hdkfs*, from the lowest priced to the very best quality imported, being of *their own importation*, and can be warranted *pure Linen*, among which are a good article at 12 cts. per hdkf.—extra large size at 25 cts. per hdkf. Also, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Mourning Hdkfs.

march16 is6w

APOTHECARY. SMITH & MELVIN, 325 Washington street, under Amory Hall, continue to give particular attention to the *prescripts* of Physicians and the medical requisitions of families. Confining themselves as they do principally to the legitimate business of the apothecary or scientific and practical Pharmacy, and having unusual facilities for importing and selecting their medicines, customers may be assured of the purity and genuineness of every article dispensed at their establishment. june23

PRIVATE SCHOOL.

THE Subscriber will commence on Monday, April 1st, a Private School for Boys 12 years of age and upwards, at his room, basement of Chauncy Place Church. His number will be limited to twelve, and he will receive only such Boys as either do not intend to go to College, or do not care to enter before the age of fifteen or sixteen. He will continue to take older private pupils of either sex, and to prepare young men for advanced standing in College.

april6 is1m W. P. ATKINSON.

FURNITURE MANUFACTORY.

G. D. WHITMORE, manufactures Furniture in all the Fashionable Styles of the day—in a plain manner, at a moderate price, or elaborately finished and at high Cost,—of Walnut, Rosewood, Mahogany, &c.

A Variety of Furniture and Upholstery Goods always on hand. Drapery Curtains, Shades, &c., put up in the most approved manner. Carpets made—Repairing, Re-polishing, &c., promptly attended to.

344 Washington, corner of Hayward Place, up stairs.

march2 6mis

THE Subscriber, living on a Farm pleasantly and salubriously situated, 31 miles from Boston, (easily accessible by Railroad and Stage) wishes to take into his family 6 or 8 boys, of ages from 8 to 12. His best efforts will be devoted to promote their health, improvement, and progress in their studies.

For further particulars, inquiry may be made by letter.

RICHARD S. EDES

Bolton, Worcester Co., Jan. 7th, 1850.

jan19 1isostf

LAWRENCE ACADEMY.

THE Term begins April 18. Tuition in Latin, Greek and English, $4. In each Modern Language, $1,33 extra. Music, $10. Pencil Drawing, $3. Crayon, $4. Board from $2, to $2,50 per week. A Course of Lectures on Geology is expected from Mr. David A. Wells of the Lawrence Scientific School. Catalogues will be forwarded on application to the Principal.

JAMES MEANS, Principal.

Groton, March 16th, 1850. 4w

BOSTON SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN BOOK.

JUST published, by B. H. GREENE, 124 Washington street, a new edition of "*The Boston Sunday School Hymn Book*," by Lewis G. Pray, Esq. This Book has Devotional services, and is now in popular use.

april20 3t

ENGLISH Laid Letter Paper. A supply of English Laid, Cold Pressed Letter Paper, a favorite article with Professional Men. Just received and for sale low, by

CROSBY & NICHOLS,

april20 1is2os 111 Washington st.

NEW Edition, Mr. Bartol's Sermons. Discourses on the Christian Spirit and Life, by Rev. C. A. Bartol, a new edition, with an introduction of 50 pages. This day published by

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VAPOR BATHS,

Conducted by Dr. M. M. Miles, at No. 1 Cambridge St., near the Revere House, Boston.

THE Medicated Vapor Baths are invaluable agents in removing severe Colds, Coughs, attacks of Rheumatism, &c., besides being among the greatest luxuries that can be enjoyed. They are important auxiliaries in the treatment of almost all Chronic Diseases.

The late Dr. Wm. Ireland, an eminent physician of the city of New York, says: "I am myself so fully satisfied of the very extraordinary and powerful effect of the medicated Vapor Baths, as an aid to general practice, that I would not be without them for all that I have hitherto known of my profession."

Dr. John C. Warren, of Boston, says, "The Vapor Bath is a remedy that I have been in the habit of employing for many years. My experience of it has led me to consider one of the most powerful and efficacious applications, when judiciously employed."

Dr. J. V. C. Smith, of this city, says, "under the judicious guidance of a responsible physician, we feel warranted in saying that great good, in a restoration of impaired health, may be effected by the Medicated Vapor Baths."

Dr. Wm. Ingalls, of Boston, says, "The beneficial effects of these Baths far exceed my most sanguine expectations."

Dr. Moses Holbrook, of Charleston, S. C. says, "The Medicated Vapor Bath was the means of restoring my beloved wife to a comfortable state of health, and has been the sole means of her enjoying it in a degree that she never could have experienced without its aid. When she was first carried to the Bath, she was at death's door from pulmonary consumption of long standing."

☞ Whitlaw's Medicated Vapor Baths, Sulphur Fume Baths, Iodine Vapor Baths, and Plain Vapor Baths, administered every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 8 o'clock, A. M., to 9 P. M.

This is one of the most extensive and best arranged Institutions of the kind in this country. The subscriber hopes that his long experience in managing such an Institution, will give him the confidence and patronage of the public.

MASON M. MILES, M. D.

Boston, Nov. 10, 1849. ls5m&on

PINKERTON ACADEMY,

DERRY, N. H.

THE course of instruction and discipline in this Institution, as conducted the last two years under the present Principal, Rev. E. T Rowe, has been such as to give the Trustees the highest confidence in commending it to all who desire a thorough and systematic Education. It is the purpose of the Trustees to afford facilities for an Education inferior to those of no similar Institution. There will be such a division of studies between the Principal and his Associate, as to afford the fullest opportunity to illustrate the subjects of the respective recitations.

The Institution has lately been furnished with a good Chemical and Philosophical Apparatus. Lectures illustrating the Natural Sciences will be given weekly.

The pupils will be, at all times, subject to the supervision and control of the Principal, and no one of vicious habits or principles, or who does not readily comply with its established regulations, will be retained in the Institution.

Students can be accommodated with board in good families, where they will be under paternal watchfulness and wholesome restraint. The Depot of the Manchester and Lawrence Railroad is within about half a mile of the Institution, affording easy communication with the place.

There are three terms in the year of 14 weeks each. The next term will commence on Wednesday, April 10th. There will be three vacations, two of three weeks each, and one

POETRY.

[For the Register.]

LINES.

The sun has dropped down through the West
And the twilight deepens on;
A wink and a pale wink here and there—
So the stars come one by one.

A thoughtful life is a pleasant life—
Yea—dreams in a shady lane;
The air soft kindling with the moon
Midway of her stately reign.

Where the broad light lies wavelessly—
Where the toiling sun has lain,
A tree and its shadow wondrous still,
Ruling a grassy plain!

The river, to the far off sea,
Murmuring, murmuring goes,
Type of a life that singeth on—
On, unto its quiet close.

Keen firefly in the barberry shade,
That warm'st it with such busy light—
Bear with me—rest is deeper life—
The centering of faith and might.

Thanks! that along the shifting sands
As moves our sleepless tent—
Moments of higher calm are given—
And of more true content.

Content—the world falls off and leaves
A measure nobler grained,
By which I try the seeming lost,
As well as seeming gained.

Beauty that fli'st—why makest sad?
Thou hast no want—no haste;
Is it that thou o'erflow'st my soul
And I lament the waste?

Dear heart! whose pulses with my own
Keep their mysterious move—
That fillest every transient pause
With music of thy love,—

Art not thou patient too to-night—
Divining what true strength,
What life is ours—what joy to come,
And far-off calm at length?

W.

[For the Christian Register.]

SONNET.

"Remember them that are in bond as bound with them."
Heb. xiii. 3.

I love to feel the workings of the tie
That binds me to my brother: sacred peace,
And joy, and hope, and reverence, never cease
To fill my heart, when the funereal sky
Looks to each human soul beneath the sky,
As framed my holiest instincts to increase;
And give from cankering selfishness release.
Deep in my heart of hearts the feelings lie
Which bind me to God's children everywhere;
In vain shall Courts and Congresses decree,
That, heedless of my suffering brother's prayer,
I shall unmoved his bonds and burthens see;
Nor for his anguish or his longing care,
When, God-inspired, he struggles to be free.

FRANKLIN FREELAND.

THE SAYINGS OF RABIA.

BY B. M. MILNES.

I.

A pious friend one day of Rabia asked,
How she had learnt the truth of Allah, wholly?
By what instructions was her memory tasked,
How was her heart estranged from this w. rld's folly?

She answered—"Thou who knowest God in parts,
Thy spirit's moods and processes can tell,
I only know that in my heart of hearts
I have despised myself, and loved Him well."

II.

Some evil upon Rabia fell,
And one who knew and loved her well
Murmured, that God with pain undue
Should strike a child, so fond and true:
But—she replied, "Believe and trust
That all I suffer is most just;
I had, in contemplation striven
To realize the joys of Heaven;
I had extended fancy's flights
Through all that region of delights,—
Had counted till the numbers failed,
The pleasures on the list entailed,—
Had sounded the ecstatic rest
I should enjoy on Allah's breast,
And for those thoughts I now atone,
Which were not thoughts of Him alone."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE OLD WHITE MEETING-HOUSE REVISITED.

It was at a close of a fine day in September that I reached the village where my childhood and youth were past, and where I had not been seen for more years than I care to mention.

I had been wandering a score of years or more among the cities and people of the world, and with a sort of pilgrim feeling now came back to the old hearth-stone and the hills that had been with me as a picture, wherever I had rested or travelled since I was a boy. It was curious that my first interview should be with the sexton, and my first visit in the old graveyard. So it was. He was sitting on the stile over which he had just stepped from the yard, and wearied with his toil, for he had just finished another grave, and was now leaning forward on his spade as he sat on the steps. I knew him at once, and approaching him, said "Your name is Enoch, but I suppose you have forgotten me."

The old man looked up to me as he raised his head slowly from its rest, and answered,

Yes, that's my name, but I don't remember you."

No, he did not know me. The old man was old when I was young, and he had now grown older: he was more wrinkled, and crooked, and feeble, and it seemed strange to me that a man who had so long and so often been in the grave, should be out of it yet. I took a seat by the side of him on the other side of the fence, and looking at the tomb-stones within reading reach, began to call over the names of those whom I had left among the living.

"There are old Mr. and Mrs. Doubleby, and there's Mrs. Wilson, and here lies Clara Robinson, and there is the grave of Archie McAuley, and, dear me! they must be all here. Is there anybody alive around here besides you, my old friend?"

"O yes, sir, but if you knew these folks you must have been gone a long time: I declare I can't make out who you may be."

"I suppose not," said I, "but you remember Mr. Rodgers, who used to preach in the Old White Meeting-house!

"I *guess* I do, and now I know you, his son Richard."

"Right for you, Enoch, the very same."

"And you are the boy that rode on the pulpit in prayer-time, and used to be up to all manner of mischief; you Dick Rodgers; well, I would'nt have believed my old eyes."

"You are right, my good friend, the boy is back again, and has never forgotten these streets and this old burying-ground; to tell you the truth, Enoch, I always wanted to be buried here, and perhaps you may yet do me the favour."

"And that is just what I would not like to do: tell me where your father is, and is he ever coming here again. There's a sight of folks that would give more to see him than a show."

"He came with me, Enoch; you will see him along here presently, and next Sunday you will hear him preach."

"And that will do me more good than a little. I should like to hear his voice once more."

I walked into the yard. It was full. There seemed to be room for no more graves. Long rows of sleepers, whole families were resting side by side, and had filled up the vacant places that I remembered distinctly, so that I was quite sure there were more of my old friends under ground than above. Some of them I did long to see again; some of them I hope to see hereafter. What is that name! Mary Lindley!—Yes I recollect it now. Died December 23d, 1831: so soon after we went from the village! and she has been under this sod almost twenty years. Well, her heart has not ached half so often as it would if she had lived, and I believe her epitaph is true—"She sleeps in Jesus." Precious is the sleep of those who rest in his arms. And here is the grave of Charley Lee. He was a school-mate of mine; a sickly, suffering boy, but he lived, it seems, to early manhood and died. But he died here at home, and love soothed his pillow, and closed his dying eyes. There were some of our set who perished far away, and were buried in a strange land, and more of them will be. I was much affected as I strolled among these graves to find so many of the old people lying *in pairs*. They came back to me as I used to see them in their farm-houses, and at their daily labors, contented pious people, the salt of the earth, the blessed of God. They prayed for me every day, and often prayed with me, for I was a frequent visiter at their houses when I was a boy.

The sun was sinking while I thus walked and meditated among the tombs, and it was now getting dark, so that I was obliged to leave the dead and seek the living. As I turned to come out of the grave-yard there was a feeling of pain that startled as it struck me. I did not want to go. It was so quiet here—just in the rear of the house of God—and so calm, so holy, sacred to the memory of so many that I revered and loved, that I felt desirous to stay with my old friends rather than to go out into the world again, and rough it, as I must, with those who are yet in the battle of life.

I walked to the parsonage. It was once "our" house. It was very strange to knock at the old door and wait to be admitted to a home that would once almost have opened of itself at my coming. But they were not strangers altogether, who were now its rightful and excellent tenants: they had drawn me here by a pressing invitation, and now gave me a welcome so cordial and earnest that I was instantly at home again. Blessed is the charm and grace of refined and Christian hospitality. It was as freely tendered at my coming as if an "angel" were to be "entertained," and not "unawares."

It was so strange to lie down at night in the same room, and in the same corner of the room where I slept when a child; and the power of association was never to me so peculiarly illustrated, as by the recollection of incidents that had been buried deep under the accumulations of so many years, and never thought of from childhood: now they started up, instantly as I entered the chamber-door, as if they had happened yesterday. I cannot invest them to other eyes with the interest they wear in my own, they should be recorded on the spot. They were fresh and dear to me, and came thronging my memory, as I tried in vain to lose myself in sleep.

But the next morning came, and then I wandered out among the trees, and fields, and streams that were once my most familiar haunts. The shade trees around the parsonage I had helped to plant. They were now wide spreading: their branches meeting over head, though we had set their trunks wide asunder. Here were four maples in a row; they were planted for and by four brothers of us, and each in the order of his age had a tree of his own, which he watered and watched with fraternal care. The trees are all living: of the brothers one has been transplanted to a better soil and a fairer clime. He was a fine boy; well do I remember how he, the youngest of the four, a mere child, was pleased to have a tree of his own; how proud to fill the trench around it with water, and to see that his tree, (they were all set out in full leaf,) did not wilt. But he withered and died before his sun had reached its noon. He went to college, and when returning home from his spring vacation, was seized with fever in a strange city, and among strangers died! Poor boy: no, rather let me say, blessed was he that his Father took him so early to his bosom, and spared him the trials and struggles the rest of us have had to meet and bear. And it was a pleasant circumstance to me, and one I did not know till it was told me here under the shadow of my departed brother's tree, that the young pastor, now dwelling here and enjoying the shades, was my brother's friend and classmate in college, and had mourned his untimely fall. How strange the mutations and commingings of this world!

But these fields have not changed. These hills are the same: the everlasting hills; the forests crown them yet, and these streams at their base flow on as they did thirty years ago, when I walked in them, or sat on their banks and angled for trout in the summer sun. It is good to look nature in the face again, and to see some scenes that have not changed with the changes of an ever-changing world.

And these dwellings, though older somewhat, yet, as they were old when I was born last, now look very much as they did then. Time has been at work upon them, but he has not wrought their ruin yet. Let us enter one of them, and see if there are any here who will remember me. This is the house of a wealthy farmer, whose children were companions of my childhood. I hear that his daughter has been an invalid for nearly twenty years. Yes, she remembers me, and tells me that she has been comforted in years of languishing by the presence of Him who was with the children in the furnace. Eighteen years to be sick: a prisoner at home. Yet there the Lord can shower his selectest favors, and make the chamber of suffering a dwelling-place of light and joy.

THE END OF THE DUELLIST.

J. C. Vaughan, a native of South Carolina, in an article on the subject of duelling in the Examiner, of which he is the editor, thus testifies to what he personally knows of the misery resulting from duelling in the community in which he resides. His vivid sketch of the horrors endured by the survivor and of his miserable death-bed, will remind our readers of Dr. Young's picture of the last moments of the wretched atheist.

It has fallen to our lot, in days when we thought duelling no sin, if we could be said to have thought about it at all, to meet with many, to know well some, who had killed their men. We never knew one who lived in peace after the murder; we know only two who survive, and they are sots.

The first time we were called upon to witness a duel, was at Augusta, Georgia, in 1829. We were just entering manhood. The parties were from our native State. We knew them both well. They were stationed at their places, and at the word fire, the elder of the two, a man of promise and place, fell dead. We saw him; saw his brother, who gazed wildly into his pale face just now so full of life; saw friends, as they hurriedly took up his body and bore him onward to his home. And we saw afterward, the gray-haired father, as he bent over the body, hot tears falling down his cheeks, fall as one struck with palsy, for his prop, the boy of his hopes, was taken away, and there was no longer happiness for him on earth!

But the survivor! Business relations brought us together; we were his attorney; and we had to see him at his home, and our house. In company, we saw no change in him; he was light-hearted, almost frolicsome in his gayety. He never spoke of the murder; by an unuttered but well understood compact, (and how terribly did this describe the deed!) none ever referred to it. But soon we learned that he never slept without a light in his room. Soon after, we found that he was fast becoming a drunkard, and scarce three years had passed since the duel, ere he was stricken down in early manhood and laid near his antagonist in the earth.

But his death! we were present at it, and never may we witness such another! That subject—so long kept sealed up by himself—so long untouched by family or friend—the murder of his school companion and neighbor, was at last broken by himself. "I could not help it," said he, as his eyes glared upon us, and his breathing became painful, from its quick and audible action. We knew to what he referred; and endeavored to direct his thoughts to other channels. In vain. "I could not help it. I was forced into it. Could I help it!" And all this was, in duelling sense, true. He had every excuse a man could have to fight; but, so assured, he exclaimed wildly, "It will not do—I murdered him—I have seen him, as he lay dead on the field ever since I slew him. My God! My God!" And muttering these, and like sentences, with a shriek, such as I never heard mortal utter, he died!

Among the arrivals at New York on Wednesday, are noted that of some distinguished Chinese, *en route* for London. They came in the ship Ianthe, from Canton, by way of Manilla and Singapore. They consist of a really handsome young Chinese lady, her servant-maid, a celebrated Chinese Professor of Music and two very comely and interesting children.

The Hungarian Exiles. The exiled Hungarians, who have reached this country, have issued an address to the people of the United States. It is an appeal to our hospitality. We make the following extract from it.

"Our sons have poured out their blood on the battle-field; our wives and little children have been driven from their homes, persecuted and separated from each other; many of us have left behind fathers and mothers in misery, or even in the chains of tyrants; many have no knowledge of the fate of those dearest to them, and to none of us is it granted to lighten our grief by weeping among the ruins over the graves of our dear country.

Thus do we, the unfortunate, come to happy, free America. Americans! you have already shown us your generous sympathy. The encouraging voice of that sympathy reached us over the sea, and the warm grasp of American hands with which we were welcomed, tells us that the free American honors the free Hungarian.

Thank you for this. May America calmly and safely advance to that greatness which Providence has appointed for her.

As we step upon your hospitable shores, we reach to you our hand in hearty greetings. We hope for a friendly return; for a reception such as one free people give to another. We count upon such sympathies as must exist between free men who mutually honor each other.

We come to you to seek rest here from the labors of battle; to find alleviation for our sorrow and calamity; to await the day which Providence has in reserve for the restoration of our country.

We look with confidence for a hospitable reception in this generous land, that may prove to the tyrants of the earth that free people are closely bound to each other, and firmly resolved to carry on the struggle for the liberation of the human race to a victorious issue.

God save America, help the oppressed, and let freedom reign throughout the earth.

May the day soon come when emancipated Hungary may gratefully return, on the banks of the free Danube, the hospitality so fully dispensed to her exiled patriots by the noble Americans.

God help Hungary! God bless America! A heartfelt greeting to free America from the exiled patriots of Hungary.

Emigration of Canadians to the United States. The Rev. Arthur Chingeny, the Canadian Apostle of Temperance, who has lately completed a tour in the United States, has addressed a letter to a Religious Order in Canada, in which he says:

"I do not exaggerate when I say that there are no less than 200,000 Canadians in the United States, and unless efficacious means are taken to stop this frightful emigration, before ten years two hundred thousand more of our compatriots will have carried to the American Union their arms, their intelligence and their hearts. It is no part of my present plan to examine the causes of this deplorable emigration; but it must be always true, that when a people en masse quits its country, it is because that unfortunate country is struck with some hideous plague—is devoured by some cancer.

God has placed in the heart of every man love for his country, and when a man turns his back upon his country, and with the eye moistered by tears bids it an eternal adieu, it is because something essential has been wanting to him in that country. It is because he has wanted bread, room, or just liberty. I leave others to say which has been deficient in Canada. All that I can assure you is, that in the United States these three essential elements of the life of nations are to be found in abundance."

THINK AGAIN.

It is related that during the first few days of the reign of Queen Victoria, then a girl between nineteen and twenty years of age, some sentences of a Court Martial were presented for her signature. One was death for desertion—a soldier was condemned to be shot, and his death warrant was presented to the Queen for her signature. She read it, paused, looked up at the officer who laid it before her, and said:

"Have you nothing to say in behalf of this man."

"Nothing, he has deserted three times," said the officer.

"Think again, my lord," was her reply.

"And," said the gallant veteran, as he related the circumstance to his friends, (for it was none other than the Duke of Wellington,) "seeing her majesty so earnest about it, I said, he is certainly a bad *soldier*, but there was somebody who spoke as to his good character, and he may be a good *man*, for aught I know to the contrary."

"O thank you a thousand times!" exclaimed the youthful queen, and hastily writing *Pardoned* in large letters on the fatal page, she sent it across the table with a hand trembling with eagerness and beautiful emotion.

Now what a world of instruction, goodness, and true philosophy is contained in these two words, *think again*. Could we adopt their spirit as the rule of our own lives, one and all what a happy change would come over society! In all our business concerns, in our social and moral relations, our political and religious duties, what important results might follow, if on many, very many occasions, we would *think again*, before we decided upon action!

[Young People's Mirror.

FOR CHILDREN.

THE STAGE-DRIVER.

"What do you mean to do for a living when you come to be a man?" said Mr. Hedges, the school master, to William Marsh, one evening, as they were sitting by Mr. Marsh's fire-side.

"I mean to be a stage-driver," was William's prompt, and, in manner, not very respectful, reply.

Mr. Hedges did not say any thing more to him. He asked the question with the hope that it might lead to some profitable conversation. He had noticed that William was very inattentive to his studies when at school; and he was in hopes, now that he had come to board for a week at his father's that he could induce him to feel more interested in the cultivation of his mind. The coarse reply to his question discouraged him altogether. Perhaps he was discouraged too soon. Perhaps, if he had persevered in his attempt, he might have awakened some feelings of desire or shame that would have led William to pay more attention to his books.

As Mr. Hedges was about to leave for another boarding place, he took occasion to speak to William's mother respecting her son's inattention to his books, and to advise her to require him to be more diligent.

Mrs. P. replied that she had never known much good to come of book learning. William was a smart boy for a bargain, and could drive the team as well as his father.

The teacher came to the conclusion that William would realize his purpose of becoming a stage-driver.

In the same school was a boy named Joseph Reed, who was very fond of his books. He always stood at the head of his class in all their studies. He did not, perhaps, learn more easily than several other boys of his age, but he was diligent. He took his books home with him every night, and studied his lessons in the evening, when the other boys were at play.

"Come, Joe," said William to him, one night after school, "let us go to the long pond to-night, and have a good time skating."

"I cannot do it," replied Joseph.

"Why not?"

"Because I cannot get my lesson if I do. Mr. Hedges told us he wanted us to learn the lesson he gave out as soon as we could."

"Can't get your lesson!" said William, in a tone of contempt; "what good will getting your lessons do you, do you think? Nobody likes you any better for your fuss about your lessons, and a great many do not like you so well. John," said he to another boy, "will you go to the pond to-night?"

"I am agreeable," said John, imitating the manner, as he had copied the words, of a lounger at the tavern, whose wit was the admiration of all the young candidates for ruin in the place.

Several other boys were asked, and consented to go. The prospect of a skating party, on a bright moonlight night, was very tempting to Joseph. He loved skating very much, but not so much as he loved his book. He hastened home, carried in the wood, and took care of the sheep for the night, and sat down to his lesson. He soon mastered it, at least so far that he could see through it. He then took his skates, and ran to join the party who were going to the pond. They had assembled, but had not yet started.

"There comes Joe," said one.

"I asked him to go," said William, "and he would not go, and now he shan't go."

As William was somewhat of a bully, none of the boys liked to enter into a dispute with him. Besides, Joseph paid so much attention to study and reading, that he did not associate very much with the boys, and was not regarded as one of them. They therefore made no objection to William's authoritative declaration, and so poor Joseph had to go home, and forego the pleasure of trying his new skates on the glassy ice. Some reproachful and insulting words were uttered by William, but he paid no attention to them, and went home and comforted himself with his book.

We will now pass over an interval of twelve years. Joseph had continued to cherish his love of knowledge. He had completed his collegiate course, and had pronounced the valedictory on the day of his graduation. He had become a teacher in a distinguished seminary, and was regarded as one of the most promising young men in the country.

He was on his way to visit his parents. He left the steamboat at P., where he was to take the stage-coach.

"Shall I take your trunk?" said a red-faced, scantily-clothed young man, of about his own age.

"I am going in the stage to M.," said Reed.

"I am the driver that takes you there."

He shouldered the trunk, and secured it on the stage, and then held open the door of the coach while Reed entered it. As he was closing the door, Reed recognized in the driver his old school-mate William Marsh. He had become what he told the schoolmaster he intended to become, a stage-driver. He was a poor, drunken, profane stage-driver!

I am not acquainted with the particulars of his downward course. His father wished to have him continue to work on the farm, and promised to give him a portion of it as soon as he was twenty-one; but farming was too dull a business for him. So he ran away when he was about seventeen, and went into a neighboring State, where he procured employment, at first as an ostler at a tavern, and then he soon reached the height of his ambition, as the driver of four horses before a stage-coach. He soon formed intemperate habits; and on one occasion, when he was intoxicated, he suffered the horses to run away with the stage. There were no passengers in it at the time, or they would certainly have been killed; for the coach was overturned, and fell down a ledge nearly twenty feet high. He jumped from his seat just before the coach went over, and escaped with a sprained ankle and a bruised face.

He was then dismissed by his employer, and was obliged to return home. His father received him kindly, and tried to get him to go to work on the farm; but in vain. He spent his time at the tavern in the village, till the landlord, partly to get rid of him, assisted him to a situation as a driver in a line of stages running through the village. He was in that situation when Joseph Reed landed at P., and took the stage for his native place.

My young ready, what do you intend to be when you are a man? What you will be depends very much on the purpose you now form. If you cherish low aims, and make no effort at self-improvement, you will never secure an honorable standing among your fellow-men.

THE ALMOND BLOSSOM.

"Dear mamma," said a little girl to her mother, as they were walking together in the garden, "why do you have so few of those double almonds in the garden? You have hardly a bed where there is not a tuft of violets, and they are so much plainer! What *can* be the reason?"

"My dear child," said the mother, "gather me a bunch of each. Then I will tell you why I prefer the humble violet."

The little girl ran off, and soon returned with a fine bunch of the beautiful almond and a few violets."

"Smell them, my love," said her mother, "and try which is the sweetest!"

The child smelled again and again, and could scarcely believe herself that the lovely almond had no scent, while the plain violet had a delightful odor.

"Well my child, which is the sweetest?"

"O dear mother, *it is* the little violet!"

"Well, you know now, my child, why I prefer the plain violet to the beautiful almond. Beauty without fragrance, is, in my opinion, something like beauty without gentleness and good temper in little girls. When any of those people who speak without reflection, may say to you, 'What charming blue eyes! What beautiful curls! What a fine complexion!' without knowing whether you have any good qualities, and without thinking of your defects and failings, which every body is born with, remember then, my little girl, the almond blossom; and remember also, when your affectionate mother may not be there to tell you, that *beauty without gentleness and good temper is worthless.* [London Child's Companion.

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☞ In accordance with the above arrangement, the subscriber has removed to Boston, 170 Washington Street, where he will be pleased to wait upon his friends and old patrons, and execute any orders that they may entrust to his care.

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W. T. G. Morton, M.D.
SURGEON DENTIST.
No. 19 Tremont Row, Boston.

WOULD RESPECTFULLY ask public attention an improvement he has lately introduced in making gold plates for the insertion of *Artificial Teeth*, which is certified to by the editors of the following Journal after having personally examined several different cases

[From the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.]

"Gold Plate Work in Dentistry. Those who are interested in the onward progress of the mechanical part of dentistry, will read the communication from Dr. Morton, in the Journal, of May 23d, with much satisfaction. We recently examined a specimen of the beautiful philosophical contrivance referred to, by which a plate, fitted to the roof of the mouth, actually sustained a weight of ten pounds, by the mere pressure of the atmosphere. If it is an old principle, it is certainly a very admirable one, which in this particular application, commends itself at sight. If our operators would obviate the swaying, sliding movement, which the tongue, in an imperfect cast of the region, gives to an upper set of artificial teeth, they would at once be influenced by the suggestions contained in this article. Dr. Morton deserves the thanks of practitioners and the public for this improvement in the practice of dentistry."

[From the Christian Register.]

"The publisher of this paper would bear testimony to the successful operation of this invention, having, on a recent occasion, tried with his own hands, to remove one of these plates, and found himself unable to do it without applying more strength than he deemed prudent, though requested so to do. The opinion of the conductors of the Medical Journal, as to the importance of this invention, will be confirmed by the following quotation from a letter lately received by the proprietor of the Christian Register, from a highly respectable gentleman in Vermont, to whose wife a set was applied.

"The manner of fitting gold plates for the insertion of teeth, by Dr. Morton, as witnessed by you the other day was recently put to a very severe test. A staple was soldered to the plate before it was inserted in the mouth, and the following weights were raised upon the patients' erecting the head, after a string had connected them together, without detaching it from the jaw. First, 1 lb.; 2nd—2 lbs.; 3d—5 lbs; 4th—7 lbs.; 5th—10 lbs. No heavier weight was attached, as it was feared it would irritate the jaw too much."

[From the Boston Courier.]

"The simplicity of the operation is only equalled by beautiful and satisfactory effect. It would hardly be credited that a metallic plate, by being simply placed in contact with the palate, and unassisted by wires, rivets, or any sort of fastening, would adhere so firmly as not to be removed by a force nearly sufficient to draw a tooth. We chanced, a few days since, to be a witness of the surprising tenacity with which one of these palates kept its hold. As a matter of curiosity in pneumetics, we attempted to remove it immediately after it had been applied, and found that it resisted all the strength which we deemed safe to apply in experimenting upon the human body."

[From the Daily Evening Transcript.]

"Gold Plates in Dentistry. We have witnessed a very perfect contrivance recently effected by Dr. W. T. G. Morton of this city, by which gold plates are adapted to the roof of the mouth, so that an upper set of teeth is retained in its place without the aid of rivets or appliances of any kind, by the simple power of atmospheric pressure. So firmly was the plate attached by this process, that we could not by a strong pull with one hand, detach it from the mouth of the subject. The tenacity is such that the plate sustains a weight of many pounds without losing its hold. The process is as beautiful as it is simple."

[From the Boston Atlas.]

"We had an opportunity, a few days since, of examining the adaptation of a gold plate to the roof of the mouth of a young lady. It was done by Dr. Morton of this city, and reflects the highest credit on his skill, as a practical and scientific dentist. The plate was fitted with the most perfect exactness, and retained in its place with the greatest firmness, upon the principle of atmospheric pressure. Dr. Morton has succeeded perfectly in calling into requisition the chemical forces which we live and move to aid in thus supplying a defect of nature upon a very simple, and at the same time, ingenious process. He deserves the thanks of the community for his successful application of his philosophic mind to the alleviation of the misfortunes of his fellow beings; and it adds another laurel to his brow, as a benefactor of mankind."

[From the Boston Weekly Journal.]

"We refer to a new modification of the principle of atmospheric pressure, for the purpose of retaining plates for the insertion of artificial teeth. The advantages of Dr. Morton's plates, are, that it may be applied in all cases, that its adhesion is immediate after its application; that no ordinary cause can detach it, as it will bear a weight of ten pounds without separating."

[From the Christian Alliance and Family Visitor.]

"Great Improvement in Dentistry. Dr. W. T. G. Morton of this city, has, after repeated experiments, succeeded, by a new philosophic application of the principle of atmospheric pressure, to hold the gold plate so firmly fixed in its position in the mouth, that it will sustain a weight according to the testimony of the Boston Medical Journal, of ten pounds. This improvement will obviate the great inconvenience which has hitherto been experienced during the process of mastication. We can testify to the value of this improvement by our own personal examination of the application of one of these plates. eoptf oct16

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